

ARNOLD'S
LIBRARY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Vol. I.] JANUARY, 1833. [No. 3.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE MORLAND.

MORLAND does not appear to have been the only one of his family devoted to the Arts, although Fame has consigned his name alone to the tribunal of posterity. Sir Samuel Morland, a mathematician and artist of some note, graced his ancestral line : while the artistic feeling seems to have been preserved through his grandfather and father, both of whom pursued the profession. The latter appears to have failed in some extensive speculations ; and after many unsuccessful efforts, as a painter and picture dealer, he sunk into insignificance, and was forced to bring up his family, which consisted of three sons and two daughters, in the chill school of penury.

George Morland, who was born June 26th, 1763, displayed from his earliest childhood, a precocity of talent, which dazzled the necessitous and care-worn mind of his father, and held out the promise of an expeditious means of retrieving himself from his increasing difficulties : he traced in his son a mine of unexplored wealth—a mine, where the necessities of the parent sunk the affection of the father ; yet it would be unjust to assert unequivocally that “ he avariciously pocketed the whole of the profits of his son’s productions,” since, the harrowing picture of his family distress, palliated though it could not entirely excuse the overstrained exertions of his child. Had he lavished on himself the hard-earnings of the talented boy, he would, indeed, have been worthy of our unqualified disgust : as it is, we have to lament his mercenary feeling, which, although directed to the maintenance of his family, was ill-judged, if not criminal. It is painful to behold the tender mind of a child roused from its natural simplicity and playfulness, to become the prop of a declining fortune ; deprived of the advantages of education ; denied the recreation necessary to foster those

very powers on which so much depended : and to behold those efforts, which should be spontaneous,—the easy effusions of an irresistible inclination, drawn from an unwilling hand, and forced into the channel of trade ; exacting from painful labour, what love alone should supply. When the exquisite consciousness of dawning powers had withered in the blighting grasp of cupidity ; and the pure impetus of genius had been annulled by constraint, it was necessary to uphold his industry by a stimulus proportioned to his blunted feelings. The indulgences of the table were held out to him as incentives to exertion ; a fatal method of eliciting industry ; and to insure food for the market created by his abilities, he was immured in his ungenial studio till his allotted tasks were completed.

It appears that some of his early works attracted the attention of the Society of Arts, and collectors hastened to obtain the productions of this juvenile wonder. Success, with Morland, but drew closer the badge of slavery ; he might, with some truth, have wished to be delivered from his friends. Mr. Cunningham says, that “ his copies from pictures and casts were commonly sold for three half-crowns each ; the original sketches—some of them a little free in posture, and not over delicately handled, were framed and disposed of for any sum from two to five guineas, according to the cleverness of the piece, or the generosity of the purchaser.”

Thus was spent the childhood of this extraordinary man ; from having been oppressed, he had recourse to deception : he envied his father the result of his own labours, and managed to obtain cash by the clandestine sale of drawings, which he made without his father's knowledge. His hardly obtained moments of relaxation were devoted to the society of associates, whose company was exciting, but whose example was fatal ; the bottle and the song pleaded with irresistible force to one who had been so long the companion of his own thoughts alone ; and those thoughts dwelling on the constant theme of liberty. So that before he had attained the age of sixteen, he had already sown the seeds of that fatal habit which led to degradation and premature decay.

The father having discovered the secret of his stolen revels, rather than lose so fertile a source of emolument, appealed to the too apparent bias of his son for sensual indulgences ; and when too late to restrain, encouraged his spirit of wild revelry, allowing him to give full vent to his gross joviality in the vortex of dissipation which had suddenly burst upon him. He dressed in the most foppish style, swore with unbounded gratification, and drank with friends, who won his esteem,

in proportion only as they competed with him in the field of Bacchus. Although considerably emancipated from his early thralldom, and allowed a greater portion of his gains, he still sighed for unbounded freedom—for the full means of gratifying his unbridled desires. Without attempting to decide, where the learned disagree, it appears that, whether he determined upon quitting his father's roof, or was sent from home to seek his fortune, at the age of seventeen he launched into the world on his own account; endowed with a rare talent,—one that all could understand, but clogged with his besetting sin. He owned a power to ensure admiration, but wanted the qualities that command respect. He had hitherto known only the world of his own revels—the most powerful mind, with him, was that which resisted the most successfully the fumes of liquor, the most stimulating appeal—the Bacchanalian chorus; and, as it is to be presumed, his notions of morality were somewhat contracted. But his evil spirit was inebriety. The approach of drunkenness is fearfully insidious; the portals of the heart fly open at the appeal of fellowship; the pledge of friendship—the loyal bumper—the lover's toast, are all snares beguiling by their apparent innocence; until the sense, roused by the potent appeal, yields frantic obedience to the mandates of the wildest revelry. On gaining his liberty, he proceeded to Margate, with the intention “of enjoying *life* and painting portraits.” But it could hardly be supposed, that one, who had imbibed such a relish for low company, could accommodate his views to the necessities of portrait painting; where, firmness and urbanity are the greatest requisites, the former, to resist the encroachments of uneducated taste; the latter, to cast some interest over the dull, uninspiring situation of a sitter. Morland, if he possessed these qualities at all, displayed them in his carousals alone; where, he had firmness enough not to flinch from the bottle, or the coarsest jest, and possessed that pot-house urbanity, which kindly panders to the weakness of a boon companion, accelerating the climax of debauchery. But these qualifications had totally unfitted him for the society of the virtuous and the talented. The lowest amusement diverted him from a respectable engagement; indeed, he appears to have suffered in reputable society, and hurried back to his besotted companions, overjoyed at his emancipation from what appeared to him insipidity. Unhappy he, who early in life, suffers his mind to be estranged from that universal source of civilization—woman: to the man of honour and feeling, she is the fountain of purity—to the artist, she is the source of beauty. Our painter seems to have seldom enjoyed the benefit of virtuous female society; had he been more fortunate, perhaps he might

—but, of what he might have been, it is idle to conjecture: what he was, alas! it is our painful duty to describe. Continued debauchery seemed to have little power over his talent; his hand was still as firm, his perception of nature as beautiful as ever. With the thoughtless, this blighting example has possessed a fatal influence. Morland, apparently uninjured by the assaults of intemperance, is the guiding star of many a youthful aspirant, who can boast of a good portion of his vice, without a glimmering of his talent. That Raffael should have worn flowing hair, that Michael Angelo should have been morose and testy, that Lawrence should have been a courtier, and Morland a drunkard, is enough that each should have been aped by the emulous disciples of folly. The simple, unostentatious character of a man of genius is resigned without regret to the philosophic few; whilst all the vagaries that vanity can suggest or impertinence practise, are dealt forth to the unenlightened as the attributes of a superior intellect. Greatness develops itself in effects—affectation dazzles with causes; we feel the result of the former, we see the operations of the latter: the compression of the corrugators—the lightning glance—the sudden start—the dashing line, are more frequently the stamps of mediocrity aping genius, than genius manifested externally.

Whether his forte would have been portrait-painting, we have no means of ascertaining; but so little success did he meet with at Margate, owing to his resolutely *independent* habits, that he returned with several unfinished portraits, and but little money.

In alluding to some commissions Morland received from a nobleman, of that degrading character, which stamps the *patron* with indelible disgrace; Mr. Cunningham says, "Let his lordship answer for real and not imaginary sins. Morland had moved too long in gross company to leave the honor of polluting his mind to any one of the peerage." This defence may remove the stigma of having corrupted an innocent mind; but it does not at all diminish the bad taste of the commission. In our own day we have had the disgraceful example of such loathsome patronage from a quarter where awe had blinded us to its flagrantcy; we have beheld abilities degraded to the level of a libertine taste by one that should have been the fountain of excellence—Art becoming the pander to licentiousness. But the memory of the dead, though subject for history, is veiled by pity.

During the period of his *apprenticeship* to his father, he was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and obtained permission to copy some of his works. According to Brian, he studied but three nights at the Royal Academy; so that in good or ill, that august multiplier of

mediocrity had little to do with the formation of his talent: indeed, it can hardly be supposed that the paternal regard evinced by that scrupulous institution with regard to the morals of a student, would have allowed it to sanction the continuance of so lax a disciple, however talented, in this asylum of delicacy. At Mr. Angerstein's, where he was allowed to copy Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, he displayed his want of breeding by refusing to join the family at their meals, when solicited by them, as a compliment to his profession—a polite attention he returned, by seeking the company of servants, with whom, to use Mr. Cunningham's words, "he emptied his flagon—cracked his wild jest, and was exceedingly happy." He also affected not to be able to paint while over-looked; a trick to which many artists are addicted, implying either a childish tremor in the presence of spectators, or a mean yet laughable dread lest the mighty secret of Art should be divulged by their touch.

The mind of every individual assigns itself a certain sphere of observation, in proportion to the cultivation of its powers; the lofty mind deriving grandeur from inclination acting in concert with ennobling impressions, the lower scale of intellect perceiving its chief good in a less impressive career. It would savour of folly, to undervalue the bent of a mind like Morland's, which had enabled him to delineate, with such exquisite skill, the broad and characteristic features of the country; but, it is impossible to separate his character as a man from his character as an artist; in the former, though he had partly been the victim of circumstances, he had merited the lash of reprobation: in the latter, he assigned to himself a small domain, in which he is without a rival. It seems strange, that productions resulting from a necessitous and depraved mind, should be untinged by ought of their origin; we endeavour in vain to trace in these delightful transcripts of picturesque nature, the corroding influence of care or want; they are the very types of a mind, not delicate, it is true, but of a healthy vigour.

Sole monarch of the pot-house—the prize-ring, and the stable, he reigned supreme with companions, whom he had made his equals in taste, yet who wanted that one redeeming spark, which, in spite of all his faults, will ever render him an object of interest. He dashed off gems of Art with a facility that was the wonder of the initiated, and the delight of his cronies, who revered his genius, as the rapid purveyor of their midnight carousals.

During his residence at Kensall Green, he became acquainted with Ward, the artist, whose sister he shortly afterwards married, bestowing his own sister, Maria, on his friend. The newly-married couples, full

of the brightest views for the future, took a house in High Street, Mary-le-bone. It is too often a dangerous experiment to endeavour to cement a bond of union by such strict fellowship, as is required by a residence under the same roof. Men: in the constant and unguarded interchange of ideas, require more philosophy than falls to the share of most; and women, besides this general touchstone, have many others peculiar to their sex, that threaten their companionship. Female authority has ever been a source of dissensions: in this instance, we have to record a fact that shocks our gallantry; the ladies, whose household views had been somewhat lulled during the honey-moon, appeared both inclined to arrogate a due share of authority, or rather an undue one, for a separation was resolved on; and Morland next took lodgings in Great Portland Street, where the habits that had been only reposing during the early part of his marriage, as if to regain their ascendancy, burst forth with even increased vigour, tearing down the feeble barrier, which matrimony, and the prospects of a reputable home, had reared in vain.

Some of his best productions appear to have been painted in the years 1790, 1791, and 1792, when his *joviality* had reached the acme. We cannot venture to enumerate his works, since they are reported to amount to about four thousand; indeed, such was the rapidity of his execution, that, from the age of ten to that of forty, he must have inundated the market with his productions. The general tenor of his pictures was perhaps monotonous; the wonder is that, with the craving that urged him to labour, the artist should be so conspicuous, and not the manufacturer. The ale-house door—the farmer's halt—the cottager's repose—the rustic stable—the piggery—and the sheep-fold, were his constant themes; yet he sometimes ventured into the region of moral illustration: "the Rewards of Industry" and "the Consequences of Idleness" are his principal attempts at conveying more than the mere surface of nature. It cannot, however, be supposed that one, whose conduct was so at variance with decorum, would delight in the silent reprobation of his favourite pursuits. His room was crowded with low and fulsome parasites, cunning and rapacious dealers, and all the varied swarms that could profit by his prodigality or his talents: he was weak enough to be pleased with the grossest flattery; and improvident enough to accept the proffered assistance of those crimps of art, who speculated in his talent to an unjustifiable extent. The entreaties of his wife, a woman deserving a better fate, were utterly disregarded; and the admonitions of friends were drowned in the phrensied clamour of his orgies.

When we behold him emancipated from the thralldom of his father's rule, misled by his sudden introduction into scenes, the very prospect of which had constituted his dream of happiness, he is an object of pity as well as censure: but when, having linked his fate with a woman of sense and beauty, and having sworn at the sacred altar to be her protector, we find him disregarding his oath to heaven, his duty to the confiding creature who had trusted her honour and happiness to his keeping, we are forced to exclaim, with indignation and disgust, against the heartless and brutal conduct of this ruined and perjured man. The unhappy victim of his vicious propensities was ultimately forced to be separated from him, and survived him only a few days.

He was, at this period, constantly in fear of being arrested; the lynx-eyed dealers being ever on the alert to grasp his latest production, in payment of his heedlessly contracted debts. It can hardly be supposed, that, with such task-masters, he was very scrupulous. A commission easily found its way into different hands, when the lure of a few guineas was held out to the profuse painter; and the unconscionable hawks, by whom he was surrounded, pounced upon any thing bearing his stamp, heedless of right of possession or priority of claim. Necessity is a bad school for the artist, but profusion and reckless gaiety close the portals on pity. It is related, that having paid a visit to a gentleman in the country, without the knowledge of his *court*, the dismay of his numerous creditors was of the most amusing intensity; their wily consciences whispering a final retreat from their arts: some bewailing money advanced in *good faith*, others lamenting unfinished productions; and others, again, in despair at the loss of so plentiful a harvest. To their relief, however, he soon returned, and with him the same ruinous scenes of rapacity and dissipation: he, however, shortly afterwards, retired from the arena of his former glory; satiated, perhaps, with the hireling worship of his jovial crew, and the harrowing rapacity of his money-lending tempters. In his seclusion he soon painted a few pictures, which were ushered into the best market by a bacchanalian crony, and the profits devoted to a new species of tippling; his former spirit of social revelry subsiding into the inveterate habit of solitary drunkenness. It were an endless and painful task to trace the gradual descent of this unhappy man, from his dashing dissipation, through the varieties of evil, from the brighter moment of his marriage—a tide that might have wafted him to fortune and honor—to his neglect of sacred obligations, his subsequent forfeiture of respectability and comfort, for shrivelled domesticity and harrowing constraint; and, finally, to display the prostration of splendid abilities, and the wreck of a noble

constitution, in the horrors of a jail, with the tardy reproaches of an awakening remorse.

At length, the hand of justice, or rather law, pounced upon our forlorn painter; and he, who had so often successfully evaded the pursuit of its most skilful hirelings, was lodged in the Bench; but, through the intervention of some friends, who still remained to him amidst all his errors, he was allowed to reside within the Rules. Even now, when he had dared fate to do its worst, his unquenched genius soared beyond control; his industry remained unabated, his freedom of hand unimpaired; and we cannot venture to omit the important fact, noticed by all his biographers, that his terms at this period seem to have been "four guineas per day, with his drink." With but a glimmering of honesty he would have been enabled to pay all his debts, and repose in the lap of fortune; but his soul seemed thwarted in its benign influence, by his depraved sense, and he seems resolutely to have exclaimed, "Evil, be thou my good." The die was cast, he was irretrievably lost, save to the one spark, that lingered in his mind, as if to preserve the piteous wreck from the gloom of despair—phantasies of smiling nature still hovered around the expiring embers of fancy, still upheld the insulted appeal of genius. At length, the Insolvent debtor's Act released his body from bondage; but the joyful appeal of liberty struck on an ear callous to its accents; and he again appeared on the scene of his fame and depravity, without a cheering voice to welcome him: to him the only freedom was the license of drunkenness; it mattered not whether he were under his own roof, or in the purlieus of a jail; he rushed with insatiate fury to the solace of the bottle, and banished all sense of duty or pain in the fumes of his liquid poison. His constitution must have been excellent, to have resisted so long the daring assaults made upon it; but disease, however tardy, is ever sure in its office of retribution. The day of reckoning came at last, and in his thirty-ninth year he was attacked by the palsy: but though disabled, he appears to have had fortitude, or apathy sufficient, to bear it undismayed, and to have used his right hand, which was as yet unaffected, in the production of tinted drawings, which bear the marks of an original and vigorous talent.

But the end of this sad drama was rapidly approaching; he was again arrested for debt, and conveyed to a spunging house. He had recourse to his only consolation in distress, and swallowed such an overpowering quantity of spirits, that it produced a violent fever, which, after a short time, assailed the vital spark, and he expired in the fortieth year of his age, amidst disease and misery.

We have already traced the progress of two of the most eminent names in the annals of British art ; each distinguished in a powerful branch of graphic eloquence,—the one, endued with knowledge and academic powers, grasping subjects in the elevated realms of fancy and history ; the other, armed with satire and dramatic feeling, wielding a sceptre in the less ambiguous sphere of human circumstance. We have now had to enter upon a different career : to portray the outpourings of genius, it is true, but of a genius wafted in its course by no poetical influence—stimulated by no gentle and benign inspiration ; but degraded from its high estate, and resigned to the fatal guardianship of debased habit.

It is often the biographer's task to trace the course of fierce and ruthless emotions, in their havoc sway ; goading the victims of excitability to despair and misery ; and to follow them with tremulous sympathy through the tortuous paths of the labyrinth of evil. We have had, in this instance, to watch the developement of a mind less delicate, amidst temptations less subtle, yet not the less destructive ; the struggle with mental illusions, and the strife with the lures of sense, are equally insidious ; each ministers to its future victim, each lulls the arbitration of judgment by its trivial, stealthy space, until the overpowering force of unresisted habit has quickened into the stamp of nature.

Few have the mastery of mind requisite to cast aside the impressions of early habit, or to escape from the seduction of reiterated example : few can stem the torrent of that fate which results from cause and effect. We are partly the creatures of circumstances, over which we have no controul : the formation of our bodies, the culture of our minds, depended not on us ; when we are emancipated from the guidance of others, we hope to become free agents : alas ! we are still in fetters : the bent of the mind, the world of thought and feeling, glide from our childhood to our maturity ; from our vigour to our decay—the emotions of the child are but ripened in the passions of the man, and we receive, almost imperceptibly, in the pliancy of youth, the stamp of our future years. Since then, few have the power of being “born again,” when once launched into the ocean of active life, it behoves us to be cautious in our censure ; if it be unqualified, it savours of arrogance, and offers a despairing theme to the corrupt ; if mistaken leniency guide the pen, we sink the duty of moral observance in injudicious beneficence.

Poor George Morland ! He was much to be pitied, greatly to be censured. His was, indeed, a troubled tide, sparkling with the crystal

of a pure element. We do not trace in him that deep and dreadful dye—that innate depravity which blots the lingering principle of humanity from the heart, scorning all laws, human or divine. In him, we behold the slave of early indulgence—the victim of parental cupidity: we follow him in his career of sensuality with pity, until we find pity misplaced: he seemed goaded on by a remorseless spirit of inebriety, till his reckless and ruinous career, in which he had swept away wealth, honour, health, and the happiness of a devoted wife, consigned him to a dismal end.

Form and colour seemed to spring spontaneously from his flowing pencil; he tinged it in the radiance of sunshine and the glow of health; his skies beamed life, his cottages breathed comfort, his rustics and animals alike revelled in ease and happiness. He must be considered as the chosen painter of the swinish race; his pigs, divested of their concomitant filth, no longer wallow in the nauseous bed instinct selected from nature's refuse, but luxuriate in a genial couch of homely, but cleanly materials: they are always models of their race; to apply the term poetical, would excite mirth; yet, in truth, Morland invested them with a delicacy—retaining their characteristics—which may pass for something more than a prosaic representation.

It has been asserted that he had no choice of subject; the very source of this unfounded assertion is the proof of selection. He seized the rough—the aged—the ruddy; the gnarled trunk—the moss-clad thatch—the busy duck pond—the grizzled cart horse. The smiling hearth of the farmer became, in his hands, the asylum of innocence and health; he divested it of coarseness, yet left it a characteristic stamp of unsophisticated beauty, which the refined gaze at with delight, and the humble partaker of its joys hails with a throbbing heart as his blest abode.

Gainsborough's nature is more individual, more elegant, but less hearty; his taste seems, at times, to have checked his hand; while Morland's heart, eye, and hand, are all involved in the reign of happiness. Where he fails in implanting a moral or stimulating a deep reflection, he rouses simple pleasure from the lethargy of care, and bids mimic health for a moment play on the beholder's countenance. Although he gives not the minute shades of difference, palpable to the individualizing mind, he beheld nature through such a smiling, easy medium, that we are content to see through his sight, to feel through his feelings. We can scarcely credit the harrowing fact, that these brilliant specimens of an unique talent—the offspring of an apparently contented, and even pure mind, were torn from the phrensied rapidity

with a notion that the Spaniards are little better than a nation of Iagos of want, and the ravenous appeal of grovelling debauchery; we can scarcely believe that the pleasing images of a peaceful swain and innocent flock should have been engendered in the brutalizing abode of drunkenness; and that the verdant foliage, the happy cot, the sunny sky, should have burst from the gloom of a prison's dreariest cell. Yet such were the abodes of the unhappy Morland—such was the parent of these delightful works, which have rivetted the admiration of the learned and the ignorant, the courtier and the peasant; they bear a stamp of nationality and simplicity that has endeared them to artistic minds and feeling hearts; and yet we gaze at them with a sigh, and regret that the gifted yet degraded painter should not have partaken of their endearing qualities, or have left a name more grateful to the English biographer.

SPANISH TOWNS.—No. II.

GIBRALTAR AND ITS PICTURESQUE APPROACHES.

"Hic et ubique! then we'll shift our ground."

WHILE a moment of tranquillity remains, the beauties of Spain, as intimated in a preceding paper, are about to be brought under review; more particularly the review of Art. The opportunity of acquiring the requisite materials for the purpose has, however, been too long neglected: and, should political disturbances again prevail in that country,—a thing which does not seem at all unlikely—the intention may still be frustrated.

It has been so long the fashion to visit "foreign parts," and to write and sketch, that it seems scarcely possible but that we should, by this time, have become as familiar with the peculiarities, social and topographical, of every civilized nation as pen and paint can make us; but the opposite shores of the channel are so easy of access, that, unfortunately for the interests of literature and art, our tourists have hitherto, with few exceptions, taken one and the same route; and the consequence is, that in proportion as they have fatigued us with their more than "thrice told tales"—verbal and pictorial—of one country, they have left us in a state bordering on positive ignorance as regards another. Not to know Paris was, a few years since, to "argue one's

self unknown," and, for ladies of migratory predilections and blundering ideas, like Mrs. Ramsbottom, the old excursion, hacknied and threadbare as it is, may still have its allurements; but to a man of the world, to whom novelty and excitement are no less indispensable than his books or his pictures, it must have become irksome indeed; and, but for its brevity scarcely endurable. No person of taste and good breeding, a character not to be confounded with the idiot dandy, would choose, at the present day, to be seen vapouring down to Margate; yet a trip from Dover to Calais is become equally plebeian, and, as it appears by the periodical returns of arrivals and departures, sans accident or incident, every whit as insipid, and what is vulgarly considered,—agreeable. It is but rational, then, to presume, that those who entertain a becoming respect for the world's opinion, will presently feel their cheek tingle with as intense a blush at the idea of being detected crossing over to France, as they would now do—supposing the thing possible—being caught by any one of their acquaintance among the rabble of a Gravesend or a Margate steamer.* Yes, continental travelling must be abandoned, at least for a season, as "stale, flat, and unprofitable"—that is certain, but the question which naturally suggests itself is,—how are our peregrinations to be regulated for the future? It, therefore, behoves those who have inducements to offer in favor of other points, to step forward and announce them.

The severity of the climate almost neutralizes the attractions of the Baltic, and few can be expected to journey thitherward as a mere matter of pleasure; but a flight of adventurers, chiefly professors of the histrionic art, have lately crossed the Atlantic, some to "drop in" on our colonial friends, others to leave their card with Brother Jonathan; and all seem to have enjoyed the novelty, except that northern Amphion, Mr. Anderson, who is evidently a shade too sensitive,—too much of the genius irritabile for a traveller, and had better, now that he has once more got there, content himself with his own "sweet home" in Caledon or Cockaigne; though certainly his reception in the new world does not appear to have been one of the most kind and unctuous description.

Byron, it will be remembered, was enchanted with Andalusia, and so many followers as his lordship has had on different occasions, it is not a little extraordinary that so few should have followed him thither, and amplified a theme for which he furnished so animating a text. But there is a something about that portion of the globe which an Englishman does not exactly like or understand. He is impressed

* An editorial relaxation notwithstanding.—Ed.

—treacherous and vindictive; but the idea is most erroneous, for with prudent conduct on the part of their visitors, the educated classes are disposed to make themselves free, cheerful, and obliging; nor are assassinations of that frequent occurrence among them, which prejudiced, or ill-informed, and credulous writers have led us to suppose. They have the reputation of being extremely jealous, and so no doubt they are; but their jealousy is of the most reasonable and tolerant kind, and by no means that which would forbid a stranger the society of their females. On the contrary, they appear to be gratified by any proper attention that is shown them, though, it is to be observed, they do not so consider that sort of attention which the English abroad are but too apt to pay. Such, for instance, as simpering at their fair companions when they attend them in public. But individuals having a salutary dread of the stiletto before their eyes, will of course abstain from those silly practices; and as there are always ill-looking vagabonds prowling about at night, shrouded in their mantles for the purpose of plunder, and who would not perhaps hesitate to stab, in case of resistance, they should be equally cautious not to remain late in the streets.

The voyage cannot surely be objected to, since those who are impatient of the delays incidental to the ordinary system of navigation, may embark in one of our government steam-packets, which, with a precision almost equal to that of a mail-coach, will convey them to Gibraltar, the most southern point of Europe, in six or seven days; while, to reach the same latitude by an over-land process, would occupy a space of almost as many weeks, to say nothing of increased expense and an opportunity sacrificed of traversing the Bay of Biscay; where Neptune, ever and anon, roused into action, is to be seen in his most imposing attitude. Nothing can be more dismal, it is true, than a night passed during a heavy gale in the midst of that swamping, unfathomable gulf. The howling of the winds, the gush of waters, the cries of the seamen, and the straining of the cordage combined, make the affrighted passenger to shrink within himself, and deprive him of the power of utterance:—

“——steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit.”

yet it is worth a fortune to have encountered and escaped all the horrors of such a situation.

It has not been possible, of late, for individuals proceeding from England, to affect a landing at any of the Spanish ports, except

Gibraltar, without performing a long and painful quarantine: it is better, therefore, while the progress of the dreaded cholera in this country continues to excite attention to go at once to that place, where, although a similar course of discipline is enforced, the inconvenience is of much less duration; besides, with Europe on the one hand, and Africa on the other, the approach to the garrison is so magnificent, and at the same time so novel, that any one roaming in search of the picturesque, at once feels, upon entering the gut, that his object has been in a great measure accomplished; that he has already seen enough to justify the policy of the change, and to secure him from the possibility of disappointment.

The space that separates these two quarters of the universe, is so narrow, and the atmosphere so bright, that almost every object is distinctly visible, from the centre, on either shore. The chain of mountains on the right, (ancient *Atlas*), which are incredibly bold and beautiful, are prettily relieved by white towers, running along the foreground in the manner of our martello towers, though diminished by contrast with their huge companions in the rear, to the paucity of mile-stones. Ape's Hill (the famous *Abyla* of antiquity) is, however, so enormous in comparison, as to reduce even the lofty Ceuta and every other eminence at the mouth of the Mediterranean, except its opposite fellow,* Gibraltar, or *Mons Calpe*, to equal insignificance.

That chain on the Spanish side, called the Sierra Morena, is another fine and almost interminable succession of mountains, but somewhat different in character from the former. They have a bold appearance, and might be supposed, at a distance, to be capped with snow. Their immense bodies are composed of a white, scapolous substance, which is eternally crumbling from their summits, and descending in fragments into the valleys below, a process which must necessarily produce that cold, naked effect. The shore between, is diversified with pleasant villages, farms, vineyards, and square moorish towers, similar to those on the opposite coast.

Such scenery is of course highly picturesque, and might, in the hands of our great master of perspective, of whose productions indeed the spectator is reminded, be turned to a most excellent account. It is the very element of such a genius.

About Gibraltar there is nothing externally prepossessing, except the batteries, and, to an enemy, not even these. The town being planted on the western foot of the rock, is exposed to a blaze that an Icelander

* *Abyla* and *Calpe* were the pillars of *Hercules*.

would melt to behold, and perspire to think of; nor is escape from this intolerable heat, during any portion of the day, possible, for nature has rendered the north, the south, and the eastern sides inaccessible; and the only habitable part is so nicely accommodated to the full operation of the sun, that the people have, at all times, the benefit of its utmost influence. The neutral ground, as saucy usurpers have chosen to name it, the whole being indisputably Spanish, is but a mere strip of land, leading to the interior; and the space beyond is bare, and more forbidding, if possible, than the rock itself. Here the English officers are accustomed to give their steed his daily breathing; but scampering about, knee deep in a clogging mixture of dust and sand below, and incessantly played upon by the solar flame above, must be an entertainment that is neither good for man nor horse. The leading thoroughfare of Gibraltar is a very inferior and irregular street, occupied chiefly by French hair-dressers and turbaned shoemakers. It has no dashing *almacenes* of any kind; and the drapers, haberdashers, and others, who have finery to dispose of, are obliged, for the want of a convenient window, to exhibit their patterns at the door. The Exchange is small, and little frequented by the merchants; but, being in a central situation, it answers as a sort of rallying point for the gossiping tradesmen of the place, as well as the bare-legged Turk, the booted Greek, and other curiously dressed strangers, who congregate daily in the adjacent *plazuela*. The principal inn commands a full view of this idle, but convenient rendezvous, and, for an artist, a more eligible house to put up at, though somewhat expensive, could not be selected. Here a few packages of merchandize are occasionally trundled out for sale, and to these are generally added some old chairs, tables, and other family articles, an assortment that never fails to attract a multitude of persons of both sexes and all nations; and it is of the opportunity afforded on these occasions by the auctioneer, whose animated addresses, in behalf of a lot of household antiquities, reduce his auditory to the propriety of lay figures, that the adroit R.A., seated at one of Griffith's windows, would avail himself of stealing an outline of the unconscious gazers before him.

The streets in general are not only inelegant, but most ill-contrived and inconvenient; for, while much too narrow to please the eye, they are yet too broad to afford the inhabitants any shelter from the fierce action of the sun. The fronts of the private houses are stuccoed, and washed over in all the variety of Joseph's coat, but principally with green, slate or salmon; and they have commonly what, in England, is called the shutter, or step-ladder blind, but none of those large

balconies, or light and beautiful *ventanas*, with green *rejas*, which give so cool and opulent a character to the streets of Cadiz. The Spanish Church is, at present, the handsomest structure in the town, and contains a few creditable copies of pictures by the old masters; but the English are building themselves a place of worship, which bids fair to surpass it. The walls of the latter are composed of a rich and durable material, shaped after the fashion of the Alhambra at Granada; the progress of the work, however, has already proved more tedious than the siege of Troy; and if the builders do not bestir themselves, one portion of it may fall into ruins before the other is commenced. The barracks, and other military accommodations, erected in different parts of the fortress, are as plain and simple as possible, the most impregnable strength and general utility having been wisely considered by their projectors, rather than beauty of design; nor is the Government house itself an exception; for although sufficiently neat and compact, there is an air about the Convent, as it is called, which reminds a cockney too much of the Old Bailey. The most interesting object seen from the bay, is an ancient Moorish castle, now a ruin, which is characterized by that simplicity of taste, and breadth of effect, for which its founders are so celebrated. It is seated considerably above the general elevation of the town, and commands one of the finest prospects in the world. In the extreme south, are a few pretty English-built villas and cottages, with well cultivated gardens, where the fig, the orange, and the palm, flourish in abundance. The Alameda, which is also in the south of the promontory, is by far the most refreshing and agreeable retreat that the inhabitants have to fly to. It is tastefully laid out in walks, and planted with trees, shrubs, and herbs, in infinite variety; and from the latticed bowers, provided for the accommodation of the public, the spectator may enjoy a most enchanting view of the coasts of Spain and Barbary. The aloe composes the ordinary hedge-rows and garden fences every where in Andalusia, and is so very common, as to present one of the most remarkable features of the province. The geranium is more peculiar to the soil of Gibraltar: there, however, it shoots up spontaneously, even on the barrack ground, and, with an hydra-like obstinacy, sprouts and increases, in spite of the trampling and weeding of the whole garrison. It may be conceived, therefore, that in the Alameda, which is so carefully attended to by the English, these two beautiful plants have reached the utmost perfection; and, to a true botanist, there could not be a higher treat than an hour's ramble in this delicious garden. He would fancy himself transplanted into Eden, nor would the tree of knowledge, the fig, nor any other "tree

that is pleasant to the sight," nor even the image of an Euphrates, be wanting to strengthen that pleasing conviction; but strange as it may seem, the Alameda, with all its amenities and attractions, is so unpopular, that the traveller might saunter there for hours together, without encountering a single individual, except perchance the sentinel who "walks his lonely round," or some poor solitary gardener engaged at his work. An Andalusian belle seldom ventures far from home. Silks and sandals are soon tarnished by the rain; curls and combs, with no better protection than that of a thin *mantilla*, are as soon disordered by the wind; and always delicately attired, she is naturally suspicious of both. Besides, the little upright, stately *señorita* has no idea of wandering about from place to place unseen. She prefers the established system of congregating within the confines of a favourite *plaza* or *plazuela*, where there may be a fair and impartial display of beauty. The walks of the Alameda are at too considerable a distance, and too devious for her. "*Ubi thesaurus, ibi cor*," and accordingly few of the male inhabitants care to frequent a spot, however beautiful, which the ladies cannot conveniently sanction.

Among the shrubs and trees, near the centre, are erected, a whole-length statue, in marble, of the late Lord Heathfield, and a bust, in bronze, of his Grace of Wellington. The former is a fine, boldly executed piece of sculpture, and the latter by no means a contemptible performance; but, considering the very eminent services of the two illustrious originals, it does not seem quite handsome, on the part of their gallant brothers in arms, to have consigned their representatives to so gloomy an asylum; for, in leaving them here, they have indeed, as the song expresses it,—

" ——— left them alone with their glory,"

and the effect is painful.

GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE.

(Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The demand for such instruction produced the talent for giving it; and the emulation which an unrestrained competition never fails to excite, appears to have brought that talent to a high degree of perfection.—WEALTH OF NATIONS.

In the preceding part of this essay I have attempted to expose the consequences of those institutions founded during the unusually long

reign of Louis XIV.* The extraordinary ignorance and vanity of that monarch were well understood in his own time, and yet the baneful system of bounties and restrictions applied by him to the most intellectual pursuits, has spread like a pestilence over surrounding nations. We ourselves have not entirely escaped the contagion.

We have seen that the artists who arose before that reign, such as Jean Gougeon, N. Poussin, Lesueur, and Claude Lorraine, far surpassed the more feeble attempts of their successors, who, gradually sinking from bad to worse, became the contempt of our own untutored painters of the time of George the Second.

It is remarkable that the power, the genius of France, had, in spite of civil and religious discord, amazingly increased during the extension of Protestantism; that the best king, the greatest statesman, the most distinguished historian, the ablest general, the most admired statuary, and the most celebrated surgeon, that great nation can boast, were all Protestants. During the contention of various opinions, all parties possessed an energy highly conducive to talent. Let any one read the memoirs of the Abbé Arnauld, and compare the flourishing condition of France, when a virtuous sovereign, considering all who oppressed his subjects as his own personal enemies, threatened with death officers who allowed their troops on the frontier free quarters on the peasantry, with the consequences of an opposite system. If the causes and effects be considered, the object of this investigation will be established: it will be seen that, under the control of despotic patronage, the pencil and the pen were doomed to disguise and ornament "*the perjuries of the prince, and a general corruption of manners in the subject.*" Then will the patriot's generous breast swell with exultation whilst he contemplates the list of historians and of poets, orators, statesmen, and philosophers, produced in this country without unnatural excitement: then will man feel the power and dignity of his nature.

* Having accidentally omitted mentioning the Paris Observatory, I must here notice that the first Astronomer Royal was Cassini; the second appointed to that interesting situation was Cassini fils; the third, Cassini the 3rd; and he was succeeded by Cassini the 4th. Compared with Clairault and others, what did this phalanx of hereditary patronage perform?

When Louis complained to Madame de Maintenon that the more she gave away in alms, the more he had to take from the people, she significantly replied, that it was just that he should support those whom his wars had ruined. Well might the Spectator exclaim, "Is this the immortal man; the Almighty, as his flatterers have called him."

We now pass to the progress of the FINE ARTS in ENGLAND during the eighteenth century.

We must again refer to Mr. Wilkins' letter to Lord Goderich, wherein we are informed that the Royal Academy at Somerset House "was an act of George the Third, who, in 1768, granted the *Society of Artists* a charter, to which was subsequently added the gift of the apartments at Somerset House, and the offer to replace all deficiencies in their funds which might arise in the prosecution of their plans for the advancement of the arts."

That the world in general should know nothing of the foundation of the Royal Academy is not surprising; the royal founder himself was probably unconscious of the circumstances that gave rise to it; but if the fact were not before me, I should suppose it impossible for a member of the institution to be equally uninformed; so that it becomes necessary to mention *that his Majesty never gave apartments* in Somerset House, or in any house whatever, to the *chartered society of artists*: this will be made manifest in the course of the following sketch of the advance of the arts during the last century.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century several little societies, or clubs, were formed for the purpose of studying after the living model, particularly that in 1711—to which Sir G. Kneller belonged, and mentioned in the *Spectator*, No. 555, in 1724; that in Covent-garden, under the direction of Sir James Thornhill, who had previously attempted in vain to persuade Lord Halifax to establish an academy *at the upper end of the News*,* with apartments for the professors, &c. which, according to his estimate, would have cost £3,139.

But the society, under the management of Mr. Moser, led to more lasting results; for, being joined by Hogarth, Wills, and Ellis, they removed from Greyhound Court, Arundel Street, to Peters' Court, St. Martin's Lane, where they continued to advance in importance and respectability.

In 1760 they ventured an exhibition in the great room of the Society for the Promotion of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, at the Adelphi, the premises being, with true liberality, lent for the purpose. In succeeding years, the exhibition took place at Spring-gardens; and in 1765 they (the Society of Artists) obtained the royal charter, which prescribed its being governed by a president, a secretary, and twenty directors; and yet within four years of that grant, at the instigation (doubtless) of that bad minister, Lord Bute, the king

* This is rather a curious coincidence.

issued a message for the establishment of a Royal Academy, in reply to a petition signed by only four of the directors, viz. Moser,* Newton, Coates, and Chambers, who, with Dutton, the King's librarian, principally managed this secret business. The other directors of the society were, for a time, allowed to suppose that they were all to participate in the advantages of the new royal grant; but when the proceedings of the minister's favourites had convinced them that their expectations were vain, the original society under the guidance of Hayman, Wright, and others, attempted to resist the stream of *opposition*, and complaining to the sovereign of the countenance given to their opponents, the king made the following patriotic reply: "*He did not intend to protect one set of men more than another; † that having extended his favour to the society by his royal charter; he had also encouraged the new petitioners.*"

The society soon found however that the generous impartiality of the prince, is as nothing to the protection of the favorite minister, and their fall put an end to that competition from which so much good might have resulted.

We must not forget that prior to the foundation of the Royal Academy there existed in London, besides the chartered Society of Artists, the Dilettanti Society, that of the Adelphi, and the Duke of Richmond's noble collection of casts, to which all students were invited, and where the directors of the Artists' Society were authorised to give instructions.

At the period in question, Hogarth and Athenian Stewart had lived, and a host of talented artists flourished, among whom we remark Reynolds, Wilson, Gilpin, Stubbs, Gainsborough, Hayman, Wright, the Smiths, Dance, the Sanby's, Barrett, Cotes, Roubilliac, Bacon, Banks, Wilton and West; nor must we forget the engravers who added a fresh wreath to Britannia's brow, such as Vivares, Major, Woollett and Strange, possessing altogether a sum of talent far beyond what France could boast, though her Academy had existed more than a hundred years.

The inconsistency of the following passages can hardly escape the observation of every one who may peruse the letter to Lord Goderich. 'During the last eight years, whilst *the government lavished millions on*

* Moser was made keeper, Newton secretary, and Chambers professor of architecture, in the new establishment.

† If kings would adhere to this maxim, the arts would, indeed, flourish: this would be unlimited encouragement; protection without monopoly.

palaces for the King, a few thousands have been refused to the annual augmentation of the national collection, and the intellectual gratification of the people," and yet in spite of this remark, after the interval of the two succeeding lines only, is the following passage, "*the study of sculpture has been promoted by successive acquisitions of Grecian antiquities; and the commencement of a gallery of pictures must be regarded as a great step towards the improvement of Painting; but architecture has been excluded from the benefit of participating in any one public act for the encouragement of the fine arts.*"

Let us suppose that the contrary course had been pursued, that is, that government had purchased models and casts of ancient architecture for the improvement of the students in that art, whilst millions were lavished on statues and pictures, would the architects have been better pleased? certainly not; but painters would doubtless have delighted in the change until the unnatural excitement subsided, or the natural increase of painters had brought the individual chance below par. Strange it is, that a gentleman who, in another part of the letter, complains that the building of churches under the late Act, created a swarm of young architects for whom there is no chance of employment, should advise the extension of gratuitous instruction; but it is not less extraordinary that he complains even of the Academy itself refusing to Architecture the same care or protection that is bestowed on the sister arts, although it is well known that the means of studying in that branch are so sufficient that when some years ago a student in sculpture, attempted to wrest the gold medal for architecture, from those who had other means of acquiring professional instruction, and who applied all their time and attention to that one pursuit, he found no difficulty in collecting within the walls of the Academy, all the architectural knowledge required, and Mr. C. H. Smith, to the surprise and discredit of those who make a mystery of that simple art, defeated his *architectural* competitors and obtained the prize.* The library of the Royal Academy contains about one hundred and sixty distinct works on Architecture, including the valuable productions of Revell and Stuart, as well as the splendid publications of the Dilettanti, of themselves a library of great value. If we add to this, that Sir John Soane as professor of that department is appointed to deliver annually the same number of lectures as other professors; and to make it complete, the same premiums are awarded as for sculpture or painting, and a student in that line is sent abroad alternately with the others:

* Architecture is rather a science than an art, mathematics constitute its substance, taste supplies the surface.

such is the encouragement held out, such the opportunities afforded to the students in architecture; and I am sorry to say that neither they,* nor the more advanced in the profession deserve so much; for it is notorious that whilst the cell to which the statues of a Gibson, or the busts of a Chantrey are condemned, is crowded with the works of those who look to nature for their subjects, the architectural room can seldom boast a dozen specimens that contain a particle of genius, or originality: it is indeed shameful that that portion of the exhibition should be so disgraced in spite of the regulations of the institution:† it forcibly reminds us of the following observation of our great historian, viz. "the practice of architecture is directed by a few general rules; but sculpture, and above all painting, propose to themselves the imitation not only of the forms of nature, but of the characters and passions of the human soul. In those sublime arts the dexterity of the hand is of little avail, unless it is animated by fancy, and guided by the most correct taste and observation." I must here protest against the objections made by Mr. Wilkins to the wide competition allowed in the building of churches, many of which, even of those in the gothic style, are a great ornament to the country, and do credit to the employer and to the employed:‡ if this is not the case in every instance it is to be ascribed to the illiberality of townships and other monopolies, not to competition: competition provides the best at the smallest cost, monopoly on the contrary selects partizans and abhors merit: the spirit of party is, to them, a profitable, an agreeable and powerful assistant, merit on the contrary is unmanageable and unproductive. However, Mr. W.'s dislike to competition is perfectly in unison with his attack on the present administration for throwing up so much of their patronage as depended on the appointment of three architects attached to the board of works. Really to complain of that which the necessity of the times and the wishes of the nation called for, is more than we could expect. Does Mr. W. suppose that if ministers had retained that opportunity of providing for favorites, that any real good would have accrued to the arts; it is more than two to one against such a surmise. If those places were invariably bestowed

* Vide Sir M. A. Shee's Discourse, Dec. 10th, 1832.—Ed.

† No copies of any kind (except paintings in enamel or impressions from unpublished medals) can be received.—CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

‡ Middle men are now common in the arts; that is, individuals who possess connexion but no particle of talent, obtain orders which are executed by others who have talent, but no connexion, his name remaining unknown and that of the man of business affixed to the work of art. One of the consequences of this system is, that he gets sometimes double the value of the production, and the public or society pays five fold.

on men of great merit, such as Messrs. Smirke, Deering or Bond,* I should hardly raise my voice against the appointments; but knowing that the latter gentleman was not only worked out of the profits, but that he has even been deprived of the honour of constructing the noblest edifice in the metropolis, I cannot believe that virtue and talent could succeed if opposed by adulation and intrigue.† No, those who most deserve such distinctions would leave them to those who would not hesitate to ask for them.

Having differed with so much of Mr. Wilkins' letter to Lord Goderich, I am happy to find at a late page of that document, some observations in which I perfectly concur: the inconsistency of appointing a military gentleman to the office of surveyor general is manifest; nor is the complaint less founded or less important, that the honour of knighthood§ has been occasionally conferred on personal favorites of the reigning Sovereign. The account of the proposals for a monument to the memory of the late Duke of York, with all the details of that disgraceful affair, constitutes a most important part of the letter, and proves sufficiently, that injustice is interwoven with Government Patronage, even in cases where the committee is composed of individuals of the highest distinction for rank, character or talent: we are not given to understand whence the bad taste and iniquity proceeded; but if such men as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Farnborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence and other eminent persons, could not prevent it, why should we place confidence in so unfortunate a system? Mr. W. has attempted to advocate that sort of encouragement; but could not shut his eyes to the evidence of facts, and has thus proved that it is, (and I venture to say that it ever must be) the source of intrigue and justice. Need I proceed? I really think that with the above assistance of my opponent, I have advanced enough to shake confidence in that partial, and therefore unjust system of excitement; but lest others should be of a different opinion, the reader is reminded of the proposal for a statue of Lord Cornwallis, for the presidency of Madras in 1792. On that occasion the East India Company having applied to the Royal

* The architect of Waterloo bridge. In the papers of parliament sanctioning that great national work, Mr. George Dodd is named as the architect, and Mr. John Bond as assistant architect; but as Mr. Dodd knew nothing of architecture, the designs and surveys are due to Mr. Bond.

† We beg this will be considered as an individual opinion.—Ed.

§ Sir James Thornhill is, I believe, the only historical painter knighted in England, though every portrait painter who obtains the advantage of painting the sovereign, or even a prince, is usually allowed that honour.

Academy for its assistance, had their indignation excited on finding that only one model was offered; all the sculptors except Mr. Banks having declined the competition; because the most insignificant members of the institution had joined a confederacy to dispose of every thing that went by vote. No wonder that Barry in his letter to the Dilettanti Society said: "Low artists will sway and govern in an academy, who could never have been known to the public if that academy had not been in existence." The case of Lord Rodney's statue for the Island of Jamaica in 1793, was nearly similar to the above; but the circumstances attending the monument of Lord Nelson were still more glaring: so much so indeed, that the academicians having in a general meeting, January 27th, 1806, refused to allow Bacon the sculptor (probably the junior) to compete, their decision was condemned by government the following May; affording a remarkable instance of the tendency in secret societies, to outstep the authority entrusted to them, and the necessity of restraint: but we may ask whether such restraint can be depended on, whether the interference of high authority may not be employed for the advancement of personal interests rather than the claim of humble merit? much danger might be apprehended from that power.

Ministerial or regal patronage is always exposed to flatterers and interested persons who are so alert in keeping back all who possess talent and well founded confidence and candour, that it was well said by a clever foreigner that he saw that in England, "talent was an obstacle, virtue an impediment." This is, alas, too often the case; but occasionally a ray of purest light breaks into the cave of despair; it can no more dispel the surrounding gloom, than the glow of the midnight worm can vie with the spreading beams of morn. Still do we admire it for its own intrinsic lustre.

The late Mr. Flaxman* is a bright example: nature had shed all her bounty on his intellect; his studies had not thwarted his natural sentiment; like the honey searching bee, he refined the sweets that nature's charms supplied.

But it is said that the amiable disposition and all the talent of that illustrious artist were but ill rewarded, and that in spite of his economical habits, his property was sworn to be under five thousand pounds. In opposition to this, I am happy to say that Mr. Flaxman was always, for many years before his death, well employed, and to such an

* There is no necessity for commenting on the peculiarities of the other gentlemen cited by Mr. Wilkins: they are living.

extent, that a friend of his reckoned at one time on his premises more than twenty-five thousand pounds worth of orders. It was a fixed rule with him, to refuse every commission of less amount than one hundred guineas: although in his youth he obtained, not only the means of existence, but great opportunities of improvement in designing for Mr. Wedgewood's factory, and at a later period for Messrs. Rundle and Bridge: whose establishments, together with Alderman Boydell's noble exertions, did more for the Arts than any institution in Europe, though by no means what they were calculated to do if genius and exertion had been entirely left to the natural reward—that such enterprize, unshackled by government interference or influence, would have offered; for it is in the nature of open competition to promote the utmost extent of talent by rendering exertion necessary. Natural abilities may do something, but those means, like the fertility of a virgin soil, are soon exhausted; their first produce are rank weeds, and sterility soon follows; but exertion will convert the barren sands or stubborn heath into productive fields and smiling pastures: exertion not only improves the human mind, but causes it to endure beyond the usual term, unbroken, unimpaired. The only object a wise government need attend to, is not to prevent, and if it be at all possible, to prompt exertion. That institutions originating in, or possessing, government influence, never have succeeded in the attempt, is pretty clear, from all past evidence, not even when the ministerial authorities have an immediate control; for, as the author of the wealth of nations, with his usual acuteness, has observed,—“The person subject to such jurisdiction, is necessarily degraded by it, and instead of being one of the most respectable, is rendered one of the meanest and most contemptible persons in the society. It is by powerful protection only that he can effectually guard himself against the bad usage to which he is at all times exposed; and this protection he is most likely to gain,—not by ability or diligence in his profession, but by obsequiousness to the will of his superiors, and by being ready, at all times, to sacrifice to that will, the rights, the interest, and the honor of the body corporate, of which he is a member.” Whoever has attended for any considerable time to the administration of a French university, must have had occasion to remark the effects which naturally result from an arbitrary and extraneous jurisdiction of this kind.

To be continued.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

WE beg to observe, that although we have been glad to avail ourselves of the talent displayed in the foregoing article, as it became the duty of the editor of an impartial magazine, we by no means agree with the writer in all his assumptions and conclusions; but professing to have no better friend than truth, we inserted a piece of writing, advocating a certain view of government patronage. We are aware, that even with the most scrupulous nicety, it is difficult, if not impossible, to avoid giving some offence; as we never intentionally cause unnecessary pain, we are fearless of the consequences of ill-timed irritation on the part of those who may merit our conscientious lash: yet it must be a source of regret, even to the most callous, to inflict pain where praise is most due.

A correspondent has claimed our attention, by expressing his regret that we should have fostered an article calculated to wound the feelings of a gentleman, highly respected by all who know him, and who bears a stamp that reflects credit on the arts. We allude to Mr. Wilkins, the architect, the author of a Letter to Lord Goderich, which was first printed for private circulation.

We see no impropriety in admitting discussions on interesting points of Art; it was with that view we availed ourselves of the series of articles on government patronage; allowing, in the hurry and anxiety of a first number, the introduction of a phrase, which we should certainly have objected to in our less perturbed moments. The passage in question is from the title of the work, and runs thus, "by William Wilkins, Esq., A.M., formerly Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, R.A., F.R.S.!!!" The sneer conveyed by the notes of admiration might certainly have been omitted. In a title it is customary to enumerate the honorary distinctions of an author, without being amenable to the lash of ridicule. The spirit of liberality we wished to stimulate, has already recoiled upon ourselves; we are constantly between two fires, thanks to the pugnacious propensities of writers: we wish, in mercy to the poor editor, contributors would spare each other's feelings, otherwise we shall be forced to exclaim,

*"Desist, obedient to our high command;
This is our word; and know, our word shall stand."*

We are all allowed the privilege of dissenting from each other's views: it is even no breach of decorum to extract the weaknesses we trace in

our opponents, for the purposes of triumph; and even according to the latest standard of critical severity, we may venture to chuckle at the ignorance of an adversary. Mr. Wilkins must be aware that his attainments and character will rise superior to all attacks: we trust to his gentlemanly feeling for forgiveness of the unnecessary recapitulation of his honors, and we rely on *his* candour and liberality for a proper perception of our own.

The above mentioned correspondent, in his plaintive letter, says, "a slip of the memory is not always an error of the first importance." This is a very trite, but rather unfortunate remark; for if trips of the memory are overlooked in articles dependant for their value on statistical facts, we shall soon have no reliance at all on history, which, as it is, is not always gospel. If a fact, dependant on the difference of a few years, is mis-stated, it is, surely, "an error of some importance."

We beg again to express our regret to Mr. Wilkins, that our correspondent (who is not anonymous, as he will shortly perceive) has treated him, not abruptly, but rather with an injudicious "whole length." We cannot be reproached with permitting an attack "on one of our best friends," since we had not the honour of being personally acquainted with Mr. Wilkins: he may have contributed to the former series, but that was not our offspring, and we cannot be supposed to possess the remembrance of favours done to the bantling of another; as we do not arrogate the merit accruing from our predecessor's labours, we do not wish to be shackled by his partialities or dislikes. In conclusion, we trust Mr. Wilkins will perceive that we have no personal spleen to gratify; and we beg to assure him, that we shall always be happy to find our pages graced by any production, emanating from the pen of a gentleman and a man of talent.

We must observe, that we considered this notice due to the worthy and talented R.A., without any intimation on his part of a wish for an apology.

CLASSICALITY AND ROMANTICISM.

It is to be regretted that the path of truth should be so encumbered with the stumbling blocks of error, and that the purest intentions and the most devoted attachment should aid so little in our approach to the goal of our hopes. We are the slaves of countless drawbacks, and

are ever in danger of being wrecked by the Sylla of diffidence, or the Charybdis of dogmatism. It is difficult even for the most philosophical mind to resist the impression of novelty; and, notwithstanding the rectitude of the path, and the instantaneous appeal of primitive truth, the sight is arrested by the environing prospects; our previous convictions become unsettled; we roam on a dangerous ocean, without a compass, and we are dependent on one of those chance or intended directions which guide us on our erratic course.

Classicality and Romanticism share the higher realms of Art—they are modes of feeling, independent of circumstances—they belong to no age—no clime—they may be referred to organization, but do not necessarily depend upon a certain conformation of body. The mere Arts of imitation, that is to say, those which refer to the mere semblance of nature, result, doubtless, from circumventing causes; the scenery, the costume, the manners of a people, will have their due effect on the painter's mind: a stately race of men will inspire stately images; and a pleasing well cultivated country will originate a peaceful unambitious style. These are effects resulting from apparent causes; emotions deducible from nature: but the two grand divisions, the classical and the romantic, are operations of pure reason, nurtured by mental suavity or vigour: fixed perceptions, dependent for their modification on external objects, but ever yielding the same impress—uninfluenced by fashion or caprice, and transmitted to congenial spirits by the impalpable agency of sympathy.

The force of education is of even more importance in the Art of painting, than in other branches of intellectual knowledge. The poet may burst from shackles but feebly forged: transient impressions, lively emotions as easily discarded as instilled, may be banished from the plastic mind; but the painter, in his proselytism, has to overcome the long-continued training of his obedient hand, subjugated, in all probability, by the iron law of habit. Such then being the power of education over a painter's destiny, the necessity of a national school, conducted on the noblest principles, becomes apparent to the thinking mind; for the reflection of a nation's hopes enflames the emulous, gives dignity to the strife of distinction, and renders the laured tribute of applause a subject of temptation for the great and good.

The pursuit of any one class of objects necessarily contracts the operation of the perceptive powers, without giving full scope to the judgment: Classicality produces rigidity; Romanticism encourages affectation;—Purity and Vigour, the presiding deities, equally enslave their votaries.

Advice is least of all acceptable in matters of taste ; where there is so little to stamp the infallibility of a tribunal, as in subjects so infinitely vagarious as the conclusions of fancy, there is little hold on the minds of the young and ardent ; and little chance of obtaining converts where the grounds are so little conspicuous, and the deductions so exquisitely subtle. The effects of classicality and romanticism on the unlearned in Art, are of a corresponding nature ; they perceive symbols that convey no instruction, and produce little delight ; they behold a surface of scattered objects, but want the power of uniting them ; they recognize forms invested with a grandeur they fail to appreciate, and turn with delight to the productions of those painters of simple nature, who display what all can feel and understand. Hogarth, Morland, Wilkie, and Greuse, are the painters of the world at large.

The romantic is to the classical, what a comet is to a constellation—what a volcano is to an iceberg—what the Hartz mountains are to Parnassus. It is too often the dotage of vigour—a torrent let loose in a channel too weak to receive it. The one is a chastely formed vestal, whose smile is a reflection from her altar's pure flame, and whose vestment, flowing in easy folds, scarcely betrays the beauteous form beneath : the other, a female of exuberant charms, whose voluptuous contour entrances the sense for the short season of her triumph, but whose chain is but feebly linked, wanting that elevation of character, the result of simplicity, which adds dignity to fascination.

The classical presents to the eye an assemblage of chosen beauties ; it is a stately garden, smiling with all that Art can offer ; studded with the most costly exotics, where lengthened avenues, adorned with temples and fountains, and enriched by the most rare works of sculpture, lure the eye with their interminable vistas and grateful shade. All that antiquity can boast is scattered over this enchanting spot ; and what with graceful piles of the most sparkling marble, spacious balconies, deep alcoves, fragrant bowers, and vast pools sparkling to the fountain's stream, the sense unconsciously imbibes refinement, and forfeits its original rudeness. Let us now seek the realms of Romanticism : the scene becomes more severe ; the delicacies of Art yield to the wildness of nature, and we feel our former boldness return. We behold a deep sequestered dell, whence the blue vault is seen to gleam at an immeasurable altitude. Caverns yawn around, save where the tufted trees congregate in unstudied variety, forming black and irregular masses against the bright sky and snowy clouds. The roaring of

a cataract, as it dashes impetuously from rock to rock, appals the mind, as it dwells on the savage wildness of the scene. Here and there a mouldering fragment tells of some event that added to the sad importance of the scene—for pleasure's annals surely could not be recorded in so dread a spot. In the gloomiest corner of the yawning chasm, the eye lights on a fearful scene—a vulture screams its unhallowed note, as it for a moment ceases to feed on those mangled remains.

By Classicality in painting, is meant that style which is founded on an academic education, and nourished by a contemplation of the chaste works of Grecian Art, and the Florentine and Roman schools, the early Italian, and some of the purest of the German masters. Michael Angelo and Raffael were the "fortiter in re" and "suaviter in modo" fully exemplified: the rigidity of the Last Judgment, and the pathos of the Basmo di Sicilia, or Christ bearing his Cross, by Raffael, are equally characteristic of the great style. Although the purity of Raffael, and the purity of the Grecian sculptors are exceedingly different, they each answer perfectly the end desired: the flexibility of the painter's Art enables him to avail himself of countless graces, and even laxities, that are denied to the severe and monographic sculptor. Julio Romano, Carracci Domenichino, and hosts of the great Italian painters, may be cited as examples of a certain degree of classicality. Giotto and Cimabue immured in their frigid conceptions, offer the virgin timidity of Classicality, without displaying its feeling and grace. Massaccio infused more life into his pictures, which are indeed mighty works, even among the mightiest. It was the breath of Massaccio that prompted the aspirations of Raffael, and the daring genius of Michael Angelo that nerved his arm.

It is a task of some difficulty to assert the prerogative of the high style, and to discern its extension. Even the splendid works of these magicians of the pencil are not wholly deserving the title of classical; they often display irrelevant conceits, trivial effects and painful anachronisms; and, compared with the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus, they become comparatively rude and unworthy efforts. There is such an amalgamation of opposing qualities in most of these great works, that it is almost impossible to decide on their actual class. In landscape, Poussin and Claude are most indisputably classical, and departed less from its even tenor than most of their brethren in Art. Rubens, that enchanter of the varied hue, presented all styles combined. His universal genius could be fettered by no law; he gleaned inspiration from the frigid north, as from the glowing south. In the

peaceful vales of Arcadia, or the direful wastes of Bellona, or the billowy realm of Neptune; in the halls of palatial splendour, or the rude comfort of the smiling cot, he was ever

“ the monarch of all he surveyed.”

It may be a question, whether, in the delineation of awful scenes, Classicality allows of full display. The pure style of poetry admits of a more distinct enumeration of the individualities of horror, without infringing the rules of poetic license, but in severe painting, there is so much to be left to the imagination, that if a scene of horror were pursued to the climax, it would probably be through the instrumentality of Romanticism.

Albert Durer, Salvator Rosa, and Rembrandt, are the chief ornaments of the Romantic school. The scrupulous detail of the first, though equally remote from the principles of one or other style, being generally applied to the promotion of elaborate eccentricities, or amplified vagaries, may decidedly refer him to the class in question: although at times he possessed a glimpse of the broad pure view of Classicality, and produced works worthy of a nobler school.

The French school has the credit of supporting the fading glories of high art. The mantle of Classicality has descended on it, deprived, however, of original warmth, and retaining only the primitive beauty of its texture. Poussin, amidst the middle-age French artists, stood unrivalled. His aim and knowledge were founded on the most classical basis; but his means were feeble, compared with his mental powers. His drawing is far from being pure, and his colouring will never be instanced as a model.

The modern French, in departing from the simplicity of Poussin, have split on the rock of narrow academic views: in aiming at a strict classicality of style, they have degenerated into mannerism and insipidity; yet they never can, at any rate, be reproached with the mystery of ignorance—they never condescend to avail themselves of eccentric casualties, as blinds towards a want of academical propriety. If they err, they err on the side of knowledge and research; and, if they excite little emotion, they ever command respect. The works of David, Girodet, Guérin, Gérard, and the other masters of the modern French school, are full of useful hints to the English painter; they may fail to appeal to his mind with the same force as Raffael; indeed it would be absurd to compare them: but, if they do not convey a lesson of research and patience, united with much fine taste, the observer may deem with truth that he is deprived of artistic knowledge,

or that his views are contracted by prejudice. We may condemn the class to which these works belong : but should view them with reference to the painter's education, feelings, and intention. That they cannot be supposed to hold the same rank as the works of Raffael, Carracci, or Correggio, does not preclude the possibility of their being great among their own followers. It is, perhaps, as fatal an error in art to reduce all styles to the same standard of criticism, as to limit all talents to one unvaried style, without reflecting on their difference of aim. The criterion of each is totally distinct ; and although bearing reference to art as a grand whole, subject to similar laws ; yet each possessing its own separate tribunal, before which alone it can be legally summoned. To select instances from our own school, it would be unfair to judge Reynolds and Barry by the same standard. Each is a master in his peculiar department ; the glowing effects of the one, and the classical beauty of the other, demanding a different ordeal.

Wilson and Gainsborough, though alike portrayers of nature, should not be tried by the same test : the lover of the humble beauty of actual scenes, would probably discard the poetical landscapes of the former ; while the admirers of Poussin and Claude would, perhaps, reject the works of the latter, as mere semblances of rustic nature, offered without selection, and delineated without taste.

Romanticism, cradled in the cot of classicality, might imbibe a portion of that decorum and mildness, so well calculated to soften its asperity of character : it might, probably, forfeit its rugged identity, and some portion of its valuable originality ; yet the union might be productive of a very national style, since the days of pure classicality are past, and we have but the gleam of former times. Romanticism, as it is, nursed by vigour and conceit, starts into the arena of pictured thought, a knight with no legalized armorial bearings, or, if with any, bearing the bar sinister alone. We will not pretend to trace the first spark of romanticism with the scrutiny of a comparative anatomist, but shall simply endeavour to single out a probable cause of some few desertions from the shrine of the antique. It has often happened that a student after the *Thermopylae* of probationary horrors has instilled into his mind an aversion to his classical tormentors, discovers that the graces of the antique are as coy of his addresses as he is fervent in his dislike of their rigid and unexciting purity : and that he, therefore, has no alternative left, but to become a piteous memento of academic difficulties, or to dash, with a despairing pencil, into the realms of romanticism, and seek a reputation in that style, of which the learned may entertain a pious horror, but of which the multitude possess the key.

Many a poor student groans at the shackles that circumvent his long cherished genius, the incubus that represses his cloud-capt aspirations, dims his vision, and cramps his otherwise daring hand. With no light emulous spirit does he enter the gloomy depositary of antique grandeur; he feels no "and I also am a painter," but is crushed by the weight of every thing around. The Apollo glares upon his eye, a most tormenting vision—a sense of incapacity creeps over his desponding mind, and the Torso of Michael Angelo gives a death-blow to all those soft aspirations, fed with partial enthusiasm by an unartistic circle of friends and acquaintances. The poor tyro has no refuge but in flight; even then the harrowing antiques pursue him; he cannot muster sufficient resolution to despise them heartily, having a conscience that whispers of their grandeur and his But let us not repeat the agonising conviction.

His flight from academic tormentors is a dignified sort of Tam O'Shanter race,—they pursue him till he reaches the stream of Romanticism,—

"A running stream they dare na cross,"—

And fairly lodged on its undulating banks, his self possession is regained, and vast imaginings, devoid of academic precision, float in his reassured mind. He enrols his name in the temple of the irregular goddess, and ponders over the emphatic denunciations of some oracle, who, with scarcely less phrensied air than the Delphian priestess, yells forth his diatribes at the tame and insipid productions of Classicality, and goads on his gaping disciples to "deeds without a name." They invoke the shade of Salvator Rosa to behold their noble emulation of his erratic principles, and conjure up all the eccentricities of Fuseli to hallow their orgies. Romanticism enchains the vision, and binds the judgment; simple media are rejected, as unworthy of communicating its mysterious conceptions; and a style created, worthy of its important functions—one that should grapple with the dark and gloomy vault—the unhallowed glen—the fairy grove—the naiad stream. History is regarded with veneration, only as it revives the dark legends of the past; the chronicler of bloody deeds is hailed as the beacon of future emulation, and the mystical effusions of the philosophers of the occult sciences, and the vague meanings of bewildered metaphysicians and theologicians, are stamped with authenticity, and deposited with rapture amongst the archives of romanticism. An apparent cause is a sort of blasphemy against the tenets of their belief, striking effects devoid of commentary, suppositions rendered ingenious by their bare possibility, odd circumstances and odd means, are powerful incentives

to labour. The dense, palpable gloom of a November fog, is a stimulus not to be resisted; the fiends of darkness are at their revels; countless atoms, from the deepest caves of earth and ocean, burst unshackled from their dens, and gambol in the o'erburthened air. Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megara, are weaving their mystic web in this circumvallation of gloom,—and the black huntsman lifts his fatal cloak, as he prowls about for victims With this inclination for the marvellous, nothing escapes their Protean powers; a nightmare is a definite, acknowledged power, invested with scientific proportions, a delight known only in its elucidated form to the happy few: an ill favoured man is a vampire, or an evil-eye; and even a beggar boy is a brownie in disguise. Now, with all due deference to judgment, as the regulator of mundane tribunals, we cannot help perceiving a certain charm in mystery; it was our earliest eyesight, before the film was dragged aside, and we beheld nature such as we sighed to find her. Philosophy may be very ennobling, but is exceedingly anti-pictorial.

" When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws."—CAMPBELL.

ON THE UTILITY AND ADVANTAGES OF PERSPECTIVE.

(Continued.)

The main subject already inquired into, entirely relates to the outline of the objects themselves, and this we all know to be a matter of no trifling importance; but the advantages to be derived from a good knowledge of perspective, do not end with the outline, for the shape of every positive shadow in a picture, may be determined by rules, which, if strictly attended to, can never mislead; the rays of light, emanating either from the sun, or any small flame, are regular in their procession; and it requires only care and attention to discover the laws by which the interruption of them is directed and limited.

The same remarks are applicable to the reflections of objects from smooth or polished surfaces, such as water, looking glass, &c. and yet it is astonishing how often the greatest improprieties might be pointed out in pictures, wherein water is represented, which otherwise possess considerable merit.

It is hoped, that what has been stated, will convince all who are open to conviction, and desirous of representing truth and nature in their pictures, instead of falsehoods, that it will not be descending from the dignity of an Artist, to take a ruler and compasses, and learn to do that perfectly, which the hand and eye alone are incapable of performing. He that is destitute of natural abilities to execute such parts of a picture as cannot be defined by decisive rules, will always be sufficiently excused; but what apology can that artist make, who is too indolent to educate himself in that branch of the Fine Arts which leads with certainty to truth, and in which he is sure to excel: as to its being too abstruse a science, I think it would be an offence to assert that architects are possessed of more powerful intellects than painters; and yet I will venture to affirm, that there is scarcely an architectural student, who has been seven years at the profession, who does not understand more of perspective than half the painters in London.

Do not suppose I am of opinion, that the most profound knowledge of perspective, will make an artist; but I am certain that no artist was ever yet perfectly educated without it.

It being needless to dwell any longer upon the utility of the science, I shall most earnestly recommend students, who are unacquainted with its principle, to apply themselves to the subject, and I have no doubt they will very soon find it an amusing study. To speak from my own experience, having had opportunities of examining most books which have been published on the subject, I should recommend a treatise written by the late Mr. Edwards, associate and teacher of perspective in the Royal Academy, as a work of merit, and which may be clearly understood, even by the meanest capacity. Having spoken in favour of one publication, I cannot resist saying a few words against another, which is nevertheless strongly recommended by many artists, and well known by the name of the "*Jesuits' Perspective*:" the general and leading principles of which, will at the best, produce but very inaccurate representations; and I do not hesitate to say, that in some instances, they will be decidedly false, for objects drawn according to the process therein described, never can correspond with nature. Some persons may probably doubt the truth of what is here asserted, and it would indeed be ridiculous in the extreme, to find fault with a book that has gone through so many editions and translations, had I not formed the opinion, after the most attentive study.

The previous statements relate purely to subjects of mathematical demonstration; it is absolutely impossible to devise rules, by which artists may lay on tints, that will produce a certain desired effect;

such can only be attained by experiments, and long practical observation of nature: yet, if it be not departing too much from the intention of this communication, to offer a few remarks on the colour of distant objects, by some artists called, "keeping," by others, "Aerial Perspective," I will conclude with some hints, which probably, may assist the student in his prospects.

The term, aerial perspective, is generally understood to be the act of giving a regular gradation, or series of gradual subordinations, to the strength of light, shade, colour, and distinctness of the various parts of a picture, according to their different distances from the principal object, and the medium through which they are seen.

The common acceptation of the word, air, is generally given by artists to that intervening medium, which obstructs our sight, in a small degree, even at a short distance, consequently, as there must be a greater body of air, between the eye and remote objects, than near ones; so, their parts are less discernible, the lights and shades are insensibly blended, and, at a still greater distance, all is a confusion of light, shade, and colour, without distinction: such is the effect of atmosphere, continually experienced by all; but it may be useful to painters, to be still better acquainted with its nature, and some of its component parts, in order to determine certain pictorial effects, with greater precision.

To form an opinion of the atmosphere, from the first impression upon our senses, by looking at objects moderately near to us on a clear summer's day, we should very naturally conclude it was perfectly transparent; but on retiring farther from those objects, we discover that instead of still appearing of their own original colours, which undoubtedly would be the case if nothing intervened, they seem to become more and more blue as we recede from them; this effect can only be occasioned by the colour of the air, which is composed of innumerable minute particles, in themselves not observable, but which become of a pale blue colour, and visible to us, when illumined by the sun: however pale and subtle these blue particles of air may be, so many of them appear before our eyes at the same instant, that they produce all the effect of that dark blue, or purple appearance, which may be observed on a clear sunny day in that part of the sky immediately over our heads.

Those who ascend high mountains observe that the greater their elevation the less dense the atmosphere; and the more faint the azure colour of the heavens; and were it possible to ascend to the regions of pure ether, the blue colour would entirely disappear, and the sky look

dark as night; consequently if our atmosphere were as transparent as a common observer might imagine, the sky could not appear blue.

Such are the nature and properties of pure air, but we are almost unacquainted with it in this state; its inferior region, or that part which is nearest the earth, being always highly charged with a multitude of particles of earthy, metallic, and sulphurous matter, besides an abundance of aqueous vapour; these, with many more, are constantly floating near the surface, and produce an evident difference, even at a small elevation. One of the most conspicuous proofs of the quantity of dust in the atmosphere, may be seen when the sun shines through a small hole in the window-shutter of a room, closed so as to be nearly dark: also, when looking at that part of the sky which is most remote from us, or nearest the horizon, where, if tolerably clear and free from clouds, we look through a much greater body of air, than when we take the view immediately over our heads; now, if all parts of the atmosphere were equally pure, of course the greater the body the more powerful its colour; but we find the contrary to be the case, owing to the quantity of dust and exhalations continually rising from the earth, and floating near its surface.

Some of these causes of impurity being infinitely more abundant in certain districts than in others, there results a great diversity in the atmosphere; it is well known, for instance, that, in or near large and populous cities, the air is loaded with extraneous mixtures, and nothing like so clear and transparent, as in those romantic regions which are far removed from the busy world's unceasing sound.

These are the chief causes of the indistinct appearance of distant objects, which will also account for their original colours looking so pale, and diluted, or tinged with a faint bluish cast, by reason of the great body of air through which they are seen; but these considerations apply only to fine weather, every variation of the seasons, of climate, and especially of the time of day, making a material alteration in the appearance of the atmosphere; such as the effects produced by a misty morning, or in hazy and foggy weather, when the aqueous vapours rise from the earth during the day, and on their return are condensed by the greater coldness of the surrounding air. During the continuance of a mist, a grey mantle is spread over the face of nature, every object is imperfectly seen, and enveloped in obscurity; the eye often attempts in vain to pierce the thick curtain, but all is confused and indistinct. Every gradation from this state, to the most brilliant clearness of meridian splendour, may occasionally come within the province of the artist to imitate, and by discovering, or even studying

the cause, he may frequently be materially assisted in producing a certain desired effect, with greater precision than merely by casual attempts.

From these, and several other circumstances, it happens that the actual or original colours of nature are seldom seen pure and unmixed, but generally have the appearance of being softened, or mingled with each other; hence, in painting, all hard, gaudy, or sharp colouring should be avoided.

The colour of an object never appears so brilliant and vivid, as when exhibited directly facing the eye, in a full; open, uniform light; and viewed at such a moderately small distance, that the eye can see it distinctly at one glance: departing from this situation, colours undergo a variety of alterations, not only according to distance, but from many other circumstances, such as position, quantity of light and shade, refraction, and reflection from different coloured objects near to them. Some surfaces, or colours, naturally reflect the rays of light in a greater proportion than others, though equally exposed to the same degrees of it; for example, a surface that reflects all the rays, conveys to our senses the idea of white, whereas black is occasioned by a surface that absorbs all the rays, without reflecting any; other surfaces, or colours, as they are usually termed, absorb some rays and reflect others; thus red is produced by all the rays being absorbed except the red, which are reflected; green is produced by the blue and yellow rays being reflected, while all the others are absorbed.

Of the seven prismatic colours, the most refrangible ray is the violet,* and consequently its reflection is the weakest; next to it is the indigo, then the blue; these rays being more refracted, or turned out of their direct line, in the various transparent media with which they meet, than the red or yellow rays, and, for this reason, more generally diffused over the face of nature, will, in some degree, account for the many beautiful grey and pearly tints, so skilfully represented by the most eminent artists. The red rays, being least refrangible, fall nearest that spot to which they would have passed, had they not been refracted; hence red reflections are much more brilliant than any other; orange is the next brightest, then the yellow, and so on, through the different

* It is a well known fact, though not a generally received opinion, that each ray of light has its own identical colour, which it always retains, in whatever manner it may be reflected or refracted; and that these various coloured rays possess different degrees of refrangibility, or disposition to be refracted, and turned more or less out of their direct course, in passing out of one transparent medium into another.

successive colours of the rainbow, to the violet, whose reflected colour, even on objects close to it, can scarcely be discovered.

By these ideas we may suppose, that all shadows, as well as objects in shade, would be equally gloomy and indistinguishable, if they received no secondary or reflected light; for light alone is not visible, but by striking upon surfaces, renders them conspicuous, and these enlightened surfaces act as reflectors, or lights, to bodies otherwise in shade; all these secondary lights convey a portion of reflected colour with them, which causes many accidental and beautiful tints where the direct light is excluded; therefore, as the shadow of every object is partially illumined by the various bodies surrounding it, it must, to a certain extent, partake of the colours of all of them: and this is the grand source of harmony in painting; of which system, the original colours of the objects themselves should serve as the chief guide.

These remarks will apply, more or less, to objects wherever they may be placed; yet, there are situations, where the light, shade, and colour is much more variously distributed than in others; such as the interior of large rooms lighted from windows or skylights on one side, wherein the same object will appear very different from what it would have done if exposed in the open air; every aperture in a room gives an inlet to a different stream of light, whose influence will vary according to the place and position of the aperture.

He, therefore, who wishes to succeed in aerial perspective, must carefully study the effects which distance, and different portions of light, reflection, &c. &c. have on each original colour, in order to discover in what manner its hue, or strength, is changed by the various circumstances herein mentioned, and to be able to represent it with facility and truth, according to its locality. I am willing to suppose, that many may have been occasionally influenced by single sentiments, of which it is their business to renew the impression; that others may have caught hints of truth, which it is now their duty to themselves to pursue; and should these few pages be the means of stimulating a train of ideas, or of inducing them to study, more attentively, those branches of science, so essential to the attainment of excellence in an artist, the end for which they were written will not prove altogether fruitless.

REMARKS ON THEATRES;

WITH PROPOSED PLANS, &c. &c. ON TWO PLATES.

Suggested by a "Report from the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature; with the Minutes of Evidence.—Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, 2d August, 1832;" including Extracts from the Minutes of Evidence, &c. &c. By GEORGE WIGHTWICK, of Plymouth, Architect; Member of the Plymouth Institution.

To Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M. P. and the Members of the Committee, appointed to inquire into the Laws affecting Dramatic Literature, the following Remarks on Theatres, &c. are very respectfully dedicated.

REMARKS ON THEATRES.—INTRODUCTORY.

The subject of the drama has been lately brought more particularly before the notice of the public, by the "Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Dramatic Literature;" to which is attached an entertaining body of evidence, given by several leading actors, authors, managers, and others.

The Report states the "decline both in the literature of the stage, and the (theatrical) taste of the public." Late dinner hours, methodist meeting-houses, and the absence of royal encouragement, are alluded to as causes, without the power of the legislature to control; while "the uncertain administration of the laws, the slender encouragement afforded to literary talent to devote its labours to the stage, and the want of a better legal regulation as regards the number and distribution of theatres," are among the remediable causes of the drama's declension.

It is then recommended, that the Lord Chamberlain be empowered to license theatres wherever royalty may abide, as well as within a circuit of twenty miles round London; and that the license shall authorise in all these the performance of the legitimate drama. Thus, Shakspeare's Richard may now find a Bosworth Field at the "Surrey," and the minors exhibit, under full protection of the law, those deeds of tragic daring, which have hitherto been the peculiar enactments of the majors—Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Haymarket.

It is stated as manifest, that the exclusive privileges of the two great metropolitan theatres have neither preserved the dignity of the drama, nor advantaged the proprietors; and that, notwithstanding the large pecuniary investments made under the supposed permanency or the aforesaid privileges, the committee do not deem that, under a system of open competition, the proprietors of the great theatres will be more disadvantaged than when in the full possession of their patents.

The Report then continues on the subject of affording legal protection to dramatic authors, and to histrionic aspirants a more extended school for the cultivation of their art.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF EVIDENCE.

The object of the present pamphlet being to consider the architectural part of the subject, such extracts will now be made from the minutes of evidence, as bear upon that in particular. It is by no means certain that additional theatres will be required—at least for the present—but the prospective likelihood of such a necessity is a sufficient cause for this publication, which is put forth not more from merely professional motives than in a true affection for the cause of Shakspeare and the legitimate drama.

From Mr. J. P. Collier's evidence.

1. "That evil" (the size of the theatres) "was left for the public to correct."
2. "The size of the Haymarket is sufficient for the proper representation of tragedy, and I have seen and heard there to better advantage (under equal circumstances) than at Covent-garden or Drury-lane."
3. "A theatre ought not to be below a certain size. A certain sized stage is necessary. A certain distance between the audience and the stage is also necessary."

Mr. C. Kemble.

4. "I should hardly consider (the Haymarket) large enough. That, however, might be differently constructed, and well applied to the purpose of the legitimate drama."
5. "If the audience are too near the actor, that destroys, in some measure, his power."
6. "The public prefer large theatres to smaller ones."
7. "Hamlet may be acted at a small theatre; but Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and parts of Macbeth, cannot be adequately represented without space."

Mr. S. J. Arnold.

8. "The plans of my new theatre I consider to be the pattern of all excellence."

Mr. George Colman.

9. "I think, certainly, the (great) theatres are too large, and I should rather see my play acted at such a sized theatre as the Cobourg."

Mr. W. Dunn.

10. "At least three-fourths of the audience can hear well at Drury-lane."

Mr. Kean.

11. "I am an advocate for large theatres—as large as St. Carlos at Naples."
 12. Persons sitting "in the back seats of the galleries" of Drury-lane can see the play of the countenance "quite as well" as at the Haymarket.
 13. "I have a tolerably good eye."

Mr. Downton.

14. "I am astonished at Mr. Kean's opinion."
 15. "Mrs. Siddons said (speaking of Drury-lane), 'You are come to act in a wilderness of a place; and, God knows, if I had not made my reputation in a small theatre, I never should have done it here. But the public give me credit for what they heard and saw me do in a small theatre.'"

Mr. Matthews.

16. "I will state the opinion of John Kemble, which I think I can do, in his own words:—'The public will tell you they like small theatres; sir, they lie: they like large theatres.'"
 17. "There never was an objection to the size of a theatre, when there was a great attraction."

Mr. Searle.

18. "It has become a difficult matter in the theatres to hear the language of a play, from the size; consequently managers have been obliged to resort to spectacle."
 19. "I think the saloons have destroyed the constant attendance of respectable people."

Mr. Beazley.

20. "I do not think a theatre should exceed fifty feet in diameter from box to box."
 21. "I think the great defect in our theatres is the depth of the boxes."

22. "No theatre should be larger than Drury-lane or Covent-garden."
23. "I question whether the Haymarket is large enough for the performance of large plays, such as *Coriolanus*, with all the necessary appendages. I think spectacle a great adjunct to the legitimate drama."

Mr. Macready.

24. "I feel it much easier to act in a small theatre than in a large one; and I should say, that, for merely domestic scenes, and for simple dialogue, where there is nothing of pomp or circumstance attending it, I should prefer a small theatre; but for Shakspeare's plays, I should think very few of them can be found which can have due effect given them in a small theatre."
25. "I speak from having seen Kean act at the Haymarket. In scenes where only two persons have been upon the stage, I have lost myself to the size of the theatre; but when a great number have occupied the stage, I have felt the want of space and too great proximity of the performers to me."
26. "I do not think the audience are sufficiently removed at the Haymarket."
27. "I could wish Covent-garden and Drury-lane reduced, but not very much."

Mr. Wilkins.

28. "There is a prevalent belief that a theatre should be constructed of wood to make it more sonorous, but that is a mistake, as, in fact, it is like speaking in a tub."

REMARKS, &c.

Although the evidence given before the committee may afford several new ideas, and may be corroborative as to the truth of our preconceptions on the subject of theatrical architecture, we are still left with considerable necessity for self-consultation. The important points of vision and sound are treated with too much regard to *size*, and with little or none to *form* and *material*. It is not more necessary that a spectator should be within the limits of visual capability, than that his sight should be unobstructed by intervening matter, and that he should be enabled *comfortably* to command a certain portion of the stage, instead of twisting his body and stretching his neck to little better than no purpose. Nor is it more desirable that his powers of hearing should be consulted as to ascertain arbitrary approximation between the actor and himself, than in respect to the shape and construction of the auditory. Moreover, the architect of theatres, no less than the author

of plays, must consult the varied nature of that species, whereof an audience is the epitome, nor construct his building under the supposition of an ever pervading peacefulness in the behaviour of any large assembly of spectators. Not, that *disorderly* conduct on the part of a single individual is here anticipated; but, that we shall always have whispering critics, and rustling silk gowns, and late comers who cannot enter their box without opening and shutting a door, nor settle in their place without buzzing an explanation or apology.

Were the English audiences as uniformly quiet as Mr. C. Kemble said they were during a deed of murder, there would be little occasion to complain of the magnitude of the large theatres: but no play exhibits a consecutive chain of murders, while many (which are nevertheless well worth attending to,) exhibit no murder at all. At the same time, it should be considered, that the quiet attention, which is only occasional with "the million," is, with many, a uniform and unbroken habit; and it is assuredly to this "many" the balance of favor should be awarded in the construction of a theatre.

Mr. Dunn says, "three-fourths of the Drury Lane audience can hear well." Without doubting Mr. Dunn's word, we may differ as to the meaning of "well." I certainly have been in his theatre when Virginius' question, "*Does no one speak?*" has met with no response beyond its own echo. The audience were silenced either by the dignity and power of the actor, or by the fated knife on the butcher's stall, close by. Be that as it may, I question whether the domestic portions of Mr. Macready's *Virginius*, or the subdued parts of his *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*, were ever fully appreciated by more than one half the audience. Certainly, Mr. Kean's powers as a spectator are scarcely less admirable than his genius as an actor; nor can we help sharing in Mr. Dowton's "astonishment" at hearing the tragedian declare that he could see and hear perfectly well from any part of the Drury-Lane galleries. He could even appreciate refinement of expression at that distance! We may imagine the "searing" fire of his expression when he replied to his wondering interrogator, "I have a tolerably good eye!"

But, though the questions put by the committee, elicited an insufficient body of evidence; they have enabled us (as stated at the commencement of these remarks) to deduce some valuable conclusions and important desiderata.

It may be established as arbitrarily necessary, that in every theatre intended for the representation of the regular drama, there be at least a certain defined spaciousness of stage, both as regards the depth and width of the scene.

We have, then, to consider, as among the chief desiderata, that

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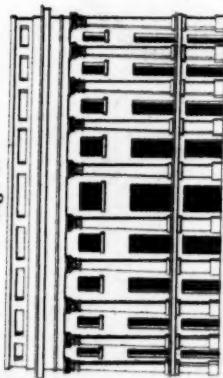
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Fig. 5.



DESIGN
for a
COMIC THEATRE

Fig. 6.



REMARKS
ON
THE BUILDING OF
THEATRES.

Illustrative Plate N^o 1.

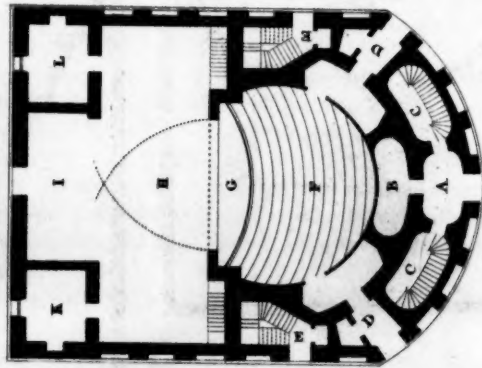


Fig. 1.

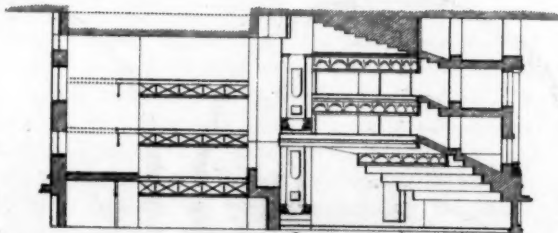


Fig. 4.

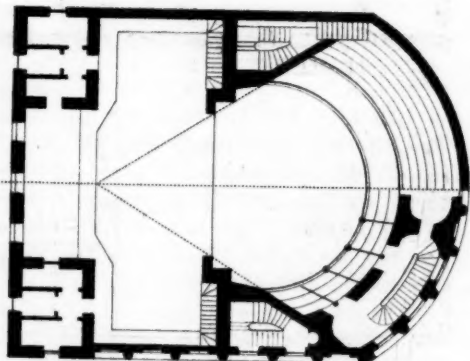
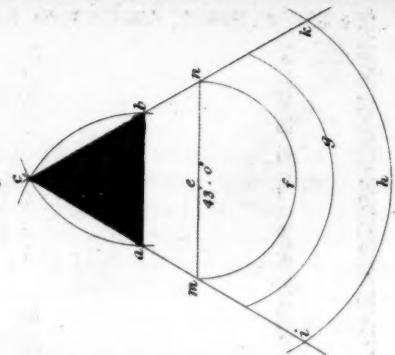


Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

Fig. 7.



DESIGN FOR A TRAGIC THEATRE.

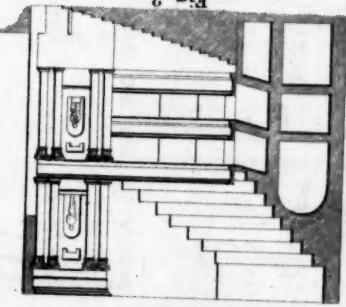
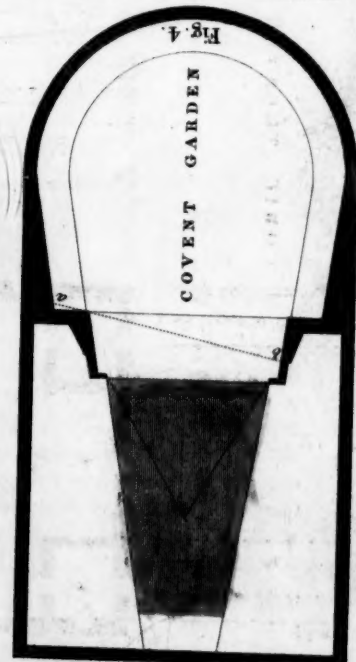
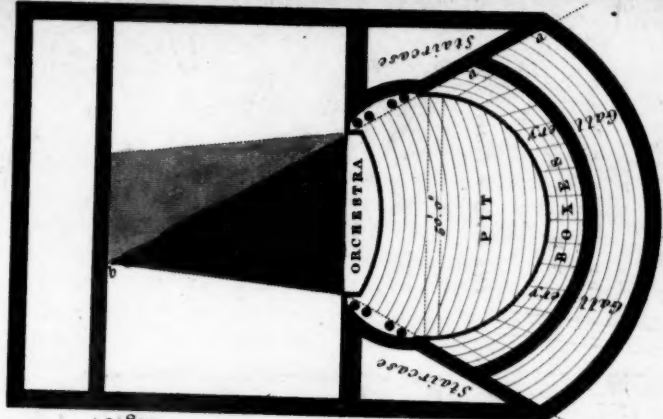
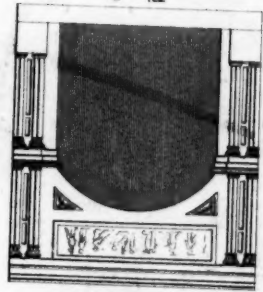
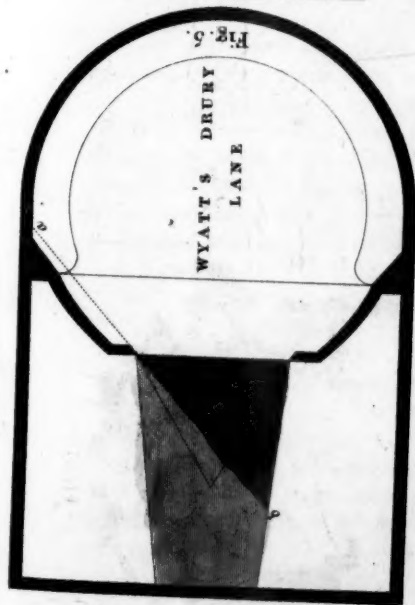


Fig. 1.



there be a certain defined distance between the actors and audience; and, that while the conversational scenes of comedy or domestic tragedy admit of a nearer approximation between the parties, the pomp and circumstance of many plays or parts of plays require a greater intervening distance.

We also gather, from the general evidence, an allowance that the great theatres are too large for the perfect enjoyment of any purely dramatic performance; and that the size of the Coburg, or Haymarket, though fitted to the lighter drama, is scarcely sufficient to allow due effect to plays of more weighty pretension.

To the foregoing deductions from the minutes of evidence, should be added a law more important and arbitrary than any yet mentioned:—viz., that every person who pays to see and hear the play (and we have no right to presume on a less legitimate motive) should find, on entering a theatre, the fair means of so doing; or, in other words, that every seat in the auditory, from the most to the least eligible, should command, *in common*, a certain portion of the stage, within the limits of which portion an actor will generally be.

DESIGNS.

Under the influence of the foregoing considerations, the annexed designs have been made. I suppose a necessity for two theatres, the one for comic, the other for tragic representations. Both would be constructed on the same general plan, differing chiefly in the capacity of their stages, and proportionally, in that of their auditories.

On plate 1, is the detailed design for a comic theatre. Fig. 1, plan of the ground floor; A entrance to boxes; B coffee room; C C, box staircases; D D pit entrances; E E entrances to gallery; F Pit; G orchestra; H stage; I scene room; K green room; L manager's and committee room, &c.

Fig. 2. Half plan of one of the box floors.

Fig. 3. Half plan of gallery level.

Fig. 4. Longitudinal section through the whole building.

Fig. 5. Transverse ditto with proscenium.

Fig. 6. External elevation.

The formation of the theatre may be thus geometrically described: See Fig. 7.

On a line ab , equal to the required opening of the proscenium, describe an equilateral triangle abc . Produce ca and cb to i and k ; and, from the lines so produced, cut off cm and cn , equal to the required width of the pit, or line mn , which forms the base of another equilateral triangle mnc . On mn describe the semicircle, or front

line of boxes $m f n$, and also the concentric boundaries g and h , together with the seats of the boxes and gallery. The curve of the pit seats to be described from the centre or point of triangle at c .

It is imagined, that, within the triangle or space colored green, a principal actor would be generally seen throughout the play; and it will be obvious, by a glance at the diagram, that the said triangle—the most essential portion of the stage—would be equally commanded by every seat in the auditory. Besides this triangle, would be also seen, from the least eligible seat in the house, a large *additional* portion of one side of the stage, while the vast majority of the audience have a perfect command of the whole.

Here, then, is no necessity for the eye to rival the Hibernian fowling piece, which would shoot round a corner. Not that any ingenuity is professed in this disposition; but, that no more of the circle is employed than an honest manager should appropriate to the purpose of his auditory.

Plate 2, gives a general plan and sections of a larger theatre, for the representation of tragedy:—

Fig. 1. General plan of the auditory and stage.

Fig. 2. Section from outer wall to front of curtain.

Fig. 3. Proscenium.

Figs. 4. and 5. Auditories and stages of Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, to the same scale as the proposed new plan; shewing relative proportions of stage surface behind the curtain seen by a person occupying the least eligible seat in the house. The green colour distinguishes the portions visible from the space concealed or coloured yellow.

Relative dimensions of the two designs, and certain existing theatres alluded to in the evidence.

| | Opening of Proscenium. | Diameter of Pit. | Depth of Pit & Orchestra. |
|---|------------------------|------------------|------------------------------|
| | ft. in. | ft. in. | ft. in. |
| Tragic Theatre..... | 33 0 | 50 0 | 40 0 |
| Comic Theatre..... | 28 0 | 43 0 | 34 6 |
| Drury Lane.....about | 33 0 | 50 0 | 50 0 |
| Covent Garden | 33 0 | 50 0 | 53 0 |
| Haymarket..... | 24 0 | 35 0 | 37 0 |
| Cobourg. | | 36 0 | 32 0 |
| New English Opera House..... | | 39 9 | 38 0 |
| To the above may be added the following : | | | |
| Theatre Feydeau..... | | 64 0 | 44 0 |
| Birmingham..... | | 45 0 | 35 0 |

It was urged by Mr. Macready and others, that the audience should be removed some distance from the stage, and it has been admitted as a desideratum. But this can only be entertained with regard to the audience in the mass, as the lower seats of the pit can only be separated from the front of the stage by the intervening orchestra. The depth of the proscenium, or distance, usually found between the stage lamps and curtain, cannot be justly regarded as a separation of the house and scene, since the actor is, perhaps, more frequently than not, within that very space; and, with all our friend Hamlet's care to die decently within bounds, it still occasionally happens that Horatio is obliged either to protrude the falling curtain, or to remove out of its way the deceased prince of Denmark. It must be admitted, strictly speaking, that the performers are as much out of place when without curtain bounds, as would be a picture if hung before instead of behind its frame. A reform has been commenced in the abolition of stage doors from the principal theatres; but it must not stop until the lines of neutrality between the audience and stage be plainly defined, and their restrictive property rigidly observed. This can only be, by terminating the stage with the curtain, beyond which, if Macbeth *will* go, he must like his own "vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself," topple headlong over the lamps, and spread dismay among the fiddlers.

The orchestra, in short, can be alone regarded as neutral ground; and, under this persuasion the accompanying plans are put forth. By referring to the figures 1, on plates 1 and 2, it will be seen that the front boundary of the stage is limited by the curtain; and the space, usually found between the curtain and lamps, occupied by the orchestra. The proscenium shews itself as a mere portion of the auditory, decorated with ornamental architecture, and separating, by a distance of from 16 to 18 feet, the nearest box from the front line of the stage. The lines *a* to *b* on each of figs. 1, 4, and 5, plate 2, mark the range of a spectator's sight from the least commanding seats in either theatre. In Covent Garden nothing of the stage is visible to a person so seated. Wyatt's Drury Lane shews a vast improvement upon the former; but the visible portion of fig. 1, is to that of Drury Lane, as 16 to 10. In fig. 5 we do not see the whole of the required triangle, nor above two-thirds along the receding side of the stage. In fig. 1, besides the entire triangle, we command one whole side of the stage.

Should the designs be deemed wanting as to capacity, much more accommodation might be had, without increasing the main area of the house. The pit seats might be continued under the boxes, and the

boxes might be made deeper; though Mr. Beazley justly censured the too great depth of the boxes in some of our theatres; and I think, wherever the circumstances of managerial finance will allow of a due regard to the comfort of an audience, the boxes should not be more than three seats deep. But, if it were required to enlarge the house without increasing its diameter, there would be no great objection to obtain a superior depth of pit, and more extended line of boxes, by adopting (instead of the semicircular) the elliptic form.

It may be observed that the accompanying designs exhibit only one (and that a large) gallery. If desirable, it might be partitioned off into the usual one and two shilling divisions; but it is fair to suppose, that under the extended privilege, one gallery will equally suffice for the principal and secondary theatres. While the poorer play-goer could only see Shakspeare at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, it was right he should have the opportunity of so doing at the same price for which he could enter the galleries of those theatres where Shakspeare was forbidden. When, however, he can see Richard and Macbeth at the Cobourg, he has no right to expect it for the same price at Drury Lane; because, though Shakspeare's text be in every theatre the same, the Kembles, Kean, and Macready, are not in every theatre to be found.

Whether designing, therefore, a principal or secondary theatre, it seems expedient to give it one large gallery, not more with a view to engender in the lower classes that mental refinement, to which the legitimate drama is so greatly conducive, than, at an easy price, to afford nightly entertainment to a large body of individuals, who are, in general, most rationally disposed, and who frequently exhibit a decorum of behaviour, to which the fine ladies and gentlemen of the boxes are sometimes most fashionably insensible.

On the subject of sound, as affected by form and material, it will be the architect's study to find that happy mean between a totally unguided dispersion of the voice and such confinement or concentration of it, as may increase its loudness to the injury of enunciation. The opera may admit of a vibrating boundary; but, while we assist the power of an actor's lungs, we must carefully avoid the commixture or confusion of his syllables by echo or prolonged reverberation.

In a theatre of the form and not exceeding the dimensions of the accompanying designs, no adjutory measures might be necessary to make an actor heard. The voice would open freely within the triangles formed by the diverging radii of the sides of the auditory, and

the several concentric boundaries of pit, boxes, and gallery. Of course, breaks, openings, the breath and clothes of an assembled audience, the woollen fittings of the boxes, &c, all contribute to subdue an actor's voice, either by obstruction, by creating partial currents of escape, or by absorption. An empty theatre, however, compactly boxed up with wood, would be (as Mr. Wilkins said) as ill fitted for declamation as the inside of a tub. It must, therefore, be constructed with the prospect of a full audience in view; and the form and material of the building so disposed as to balance the effect of atmospheric density and absorption.

Thus much for the audience part of the theatre. Of the disposition behind the curtain nothing here need be said; and, for the remainder of the building, it is so disposed of in the accompanying plans, that not a foot of room is unemployed, while every legitimate provision for the free ingress and egress of the public is supplied.

The necessity of saloons, or any thing more than handsome approaches to the several divisions of the theatre, must not be admitted by any one who advocates the drama as a rational and moral means of entertainment. With the *abuse of it*, let us wage a not less determinate war than the puritan does with the *thing itself*. That the principle of the stage is excellent, no candid person can deny. That, under the existing system it has some unprincipled appendages, must also be allowed: but, that they are natural concomitants, or even difficult of removal, a little sober reflection will enable us to contradict. It is not, however, for managers to effect this salutary change, unaided by the public; for, however good the influence of the pure drama, its conductors and professors are not also professors of morals. A manager bargains merely to afford rational amusement at a certain price, and he will, no doubt, readily withdraw all alloy from theatrical entertainments, whenever their genuine metal shall be current and appreciated.

Mr. Sandford, the lessee of the Plymouth theatre, has given as his opinion, that it is the over-plus sitting room in a theatre—the very considerable portion which commands, at least, an insufficient view of the performance—that generates disorderly or noisy conduct. There is, at least, great plausibility in this idea. Where every one has the means of *comfortably* seeing and *perfectly* hearing, all, save a fashionable few before alluded to, will be attentive to the play, and, therefore, out of mischief; but where only a certain portion of the audience has those advantages, it is (with sorrow be it said) almost a natural consequence that the excluded remainder should derive from

others what they themselves cannot enjoy. Not that they are wilfully offensive, but careless as to the feelings of their more fortunate neighbours. A man pays five or seven shillings for a box seat; and if, on entering the theatre, he can neither hear nor see the ladies on the stage, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that he should have a little chat with the ladies in the slips.

Mr. Searle's evidence on this subject is worthy of attention.

With a few words on the theatrical "extern," these remarks will now conclude.

I never yet saw a modern theatre (except the Feydeau at Paris), whose façade advertised its purpose. It may be that architects think differently on this subject: but the chances are, they do not think sufficiently—if at all. They certainly do not make *characteristic* a matter for that important consideration, which, as a feature of architectural taste, it unquestionably deserves. Their only aim is to make their exterior classical, without any adequate motive for the selection of the particular outline or decoration they employ. This reminds one of the invalid, who, with more faith in physic than in physicians, was in the habit of asking his friends, whether they had such a thing as a prescription about them. Thus a certain mannered character of façade is equally applied to buildings of the most varied purposes, as if Falstaff and Hamlet should appear in the same costume, or as if sack and poison should be drained from the same bottle. There are many European edifices, alike remarkable for the beauty of their exteriors (as elevations alone), and for the unfitness of those exteriors as indices to their in-door purposes. A church should not look like a market hall; nor should the façade of a theatre seem like that of a philosophical institution:—

"Things should be what they seem;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none."

This is a truth, though Iago speaks it; and I am willing to "serve heaven, though even the devil bid me."

Fig. 6. pl. 1, represents the chief elevation of a theatre, which, instead of shewing a merely vertical plane, as most suitable to the generality of public buildings, exhibits a convex front as suited to theatres almost exclusively. The ancient theatres and amphitheatres always exhibited a curved exterior, with parallel ranges of apertures, or arches, marking the several corridors of the auditory. Thus, I presume, that a stranger, unexpectedly encountering such an exterior as fig. 6, would anticipate its purpose ere the play bill should discover it to him. Its magnitude would at once shew it to be a *public* building.

Its segmental front, and numerous openings, tier above tier, would indicate corresponding tiers of corridors, which, of course, lead to concentric galleries or boxes, which necessarily include an area or pit, commanded by a rostrum or stage. A theatre, in fact, it *must* be; and it is for the architectural details, statues and sculptures of the exterior, to emulate the play bill in telling truth.

The lack of royal patronage, and the Italian Opera, are alluded to, in the committee's publication, as inimical to the regular drama; and, with all loyalty to our gracious King William be it spoken, the most distinguishing title of a certain great house in the Haymarket, is a national disgrace. Can it be, then, that the monarch of the magic Shakspeare's Enchanted Island, should designate, as peculiarly HIS—THE KING'S THEATRE—the *Italian* Opera House!

THE APOLLO.

DR. JAMES JOHNSON, in his instructive and entertaining work, alluding to the Apollo Belvidere, in the Vatican, has the following observations:—

“What have we in the Belvidere Apollo to excite our admiration, but the skill of the statuary? A divinity gives up his triple avocation of gas-lighter, poet-laureat, and apothecary to the celestial court in the skies, and descends upon earth, to engage in a series of criminal intrigues, contests with bag-pipers, and cold-blooded murders, such as a bandit Mazzaroni would scorn to commit!* Can these transactions command our esteem? Can the proud exultation that plays on the features of a god, whilst discharging an arrow against a SERPENT, deserve any very exquisite expression of our admiration? I confess, that I can only admire the efforts of the sculptor. But, when we look at the statue of Aristides, equally well executed, and remember that we are contemplating the form of a MAN who fought for his country at Salamis and Platea—who was famed no less for his justice than his poverty—who was exiled for his virtues; we ought, at least, to experience feelings more poignant and more natural, than those which are excited by the skilful direction of a chisel in portraying a being in

* Witness the slaying of Marsyas, and the slaughter of Niobe's children!

marble, which never existed but in a prurient—perhaps a depraved imagination.”

To a minor author, we might unconcernedly have allowed the privilege of assailing the fair fame of the Apollo; but to a writer of Dr. Johnson's standing, to whom we are indebted for so much information and amusement, we cannot allow such latitude. That he is a very clever man, his book bespeaks; that he is not an artist, is not his fault. After a series of very disreputable transactions on the part of Apollo, brought forward with proper indignation by the Doctor, he asks, “can these transactions command our esteem?” Now, as we do not imagine he requires an answer, we shall simply advert to the character of Jupiter, who certainly out-did Apollo. What would the worthy Doctor say to him? Lord * * * or the Honourable * * * are moral, when we think of the petty, trickish, disreputable line of conduct pursued by the “Thunderer;” yet we think not of these absurd and puerile amplifications on viewing the Grecian Sculptor's idea of the God. The disgusting and un instructive pages of Grecian and Egyptian mythology, still further confused and polluted by the Romans, dim not the lustre of their purer fame; and heedless of the errors of heathens, we yield grateful homage to their exalted imaginings.

The Doctor says: “I confess that I can only admire the efforts of the *Sculptor*.” The sculptor furnishes us with the means, and we achieve the rest; the ultimate beauty of a work of Art depends on the spectator's conclusions; the same production in different minds, as they are uneducated or refined, will be either an unattractive object, or a source of devotion. If the “proud exultation of the God” be so accurately conveyed as to enforce recognition, the sculptor has thoroughly succeeded in his endeavours. We do not see why Aristides cannot be admired on his own merits, without a rivalry being established between the Apollo and the high minded Grecian. Pity that the latter had not boasted a few such zealous partisans as the Doctor, then had not ostracism been recorded against him.

We are asked, “What have we in the Belvidere Apollo to excite our admiration, but the skill of the statuary? We have Godlike dignity and beauty, conveyed in the noblest manner, and that produced in an age, when the type must have existed in the sculptor's mind alone; who, when gazing at the annals of the past, beheld in his antiquity, an uninspiring waste,—strewed with barbarous relics and monuments of tasteless superstition;—he had no pure fount, whence to quaff inspiration; but illumined by the light of his soul, he imbibed

that pure feeling from which emanated the Apollo and the wonders of Grecian Art.

Why, therefore, our talented Doctor should annul the Apollo's claims on our admiration, because the reckless poets have made free with his character, we are at a loss to guess; unless, as he himself jocosely affirms, being "apothecary to the celestial court of the skies" he sacrifices him to a professional dislike, as the object of his vituperation sacrificed from a similar motive the unhappy musician Marsyas. We will not now advert to his ingenious observations on the sympathy excited by real characters in preference to the fictitious, or his scepticism as to the Greek origin of the Apollo, we will at some future time return to the charge, for we like the Doctor too well to leave a valuable point undisputed. At present we have to do with the object of our artistic worship—The Apollo.

We cannot allow that the odd sayings and doings recorded of the God, can at all effect our judgment of the merits of his statue—they are as distinct as light and dark—the former a tissue of absurd inventions, the latter a sublime production. Even if the mind be so erratic, or so learned, as to ponder o'er the catalogue of grievances—"look in his face and you forget them all." If these tales had been told of Aristides, then, indeed, we should not have wondered at the Doctor's dislike;—we have a right to weigh his merits by a standard granted us for the purpose, but censure the Apollo!

It were all one,
That I should scold a bright particular star
* * * * he is so above me.

A malefactor at the bar, be his crimes ever so hideous, or however fearful be the sensation he produces, if he possess the air of a god, or a hero, is morally debased alone: his physical appeal is untainted with his inward dye, and the mind, for a moment, reckless of acknowledged guilt, and shuddering at the conviction of his moral deformity, contemplates, with abstracted emotion, the image of a superior nature.

The higher the subject, the higher the powers required in its treatment; and in proportion as an ideal form recedes from the knowledge of the uneducated, it becomes an object of emulation to the learned. The vulgar may perchance feel the effect of refined beauties, though we should rather consider that their likings are coequal with the rudeness of their perceptions: it is one thing, also, to contemplate with pleasure the end and effect of beauty, and another to recognize its means, by tracing the varied, and almost imperceptible delicacies,

which constitute its perfection. As all beauty depends upon our own perceptions, we become the arbiters of its effect; and in proportion as our mental vision is enlarged by study, or contracted by ignorance, so will our conclusions be either refined or gross. If, therefore, our aim be the great and beautiful, we must bring our deepest energies to the task.

It requires a genius of no ordinary stamp to produce such a modification of the human form, as to usher forth the superior being, complete in all the appointments of majesty and grace.—That head, so replete with manly beauty, yet uninvaded by the grosser attributes—that rounded, yet well-developed form—those limbs of masculine beauty, yet devoid of vulgar power—that attitude of consummate vigour, and exquisite grace—all proclaim the God!

In Aristides, we behold the impress of a dignified mind—a patriot, warrior, and statesman, on whose brow the annals of his country were once read conspicuous. The flame that lighted him to glory still gleams o'er humanity—the type of nobility perished not with him; the sculptor can still trace the basis of his fame, the continued existence of his spirit: there are still patriots to claim his praise, to guide his skilful hand. But in the Apollo, we view that which never did exist, save in the sculptor's mind, and even there lived not as a glorious whole, but dawned upon his vision, as he enraptured viewed

“ ——— The touch consecutive
Loose beauty, mind, and life. ”

In surveying a noble conception, we divest our minds of minor attributes, at once irrelevant and obtrusive, and without any reference to fame, morality, or utility, recognize the stamp of an exalted intellect. It is contracting the sphere of our mental operations to worship only the useful or the just: and as powers are only excited in proportion to the object that excites them, we should be forced to resign the treasures on the pinnacle of intellect, and repress that exuberance of fancy which outbursts the shackles of judgment. Were we condemned to possess but one standard of mind—one example for admiration, our human natures would resign the fanciful for the real, reject the Apollo and hail Aristides the Just; but, as the fabulous career of the former affects no worldly interest, annuls not any moral law, we may safely yield to that exquisite delight, the germs of which are nurtured by Grecian art, and which, in full expansion, hails the Apollo as the nearest approach to divine humanity.

ON REFORM.—(NOT POLITICAL.)

IT having been announced to us, in a most legitimate manner, namely, through the medium of our respected subscribers, whom we are bound to consider some of the most judicious in the community, that we have been hitherto rather too sedate in the general tenor of our Magazine, we have magnanimously resolved to alter our tone from the deep manly bass, to the more agreeable tenor; steering clear, however, of the ambiguous soprano. We have no objection to mingle the enlivening chirp of the fluttering songster of the grove, with the majestic roar of the forest lord. Hill and dale make nature smile, and the towering altitude of the one, and the gladsome mien of the other, replete with humbler charms, shall be transplanted to our pages to bloom in vernal lustre. We have not yet discovered that the energy of the patriot is subdued by the mirth of the citizen, and are inclined to emulate so laudable and friend-creating an example. We have been told by some that we are flippant, by others that we are heavy. We are inclined to say, "How happy could we be with either;" but are foolish enough to endeavour to aim at that enviable station—the happy medium, appealing to our conscience for sanction and corroboration, without succumbing to "the madness of many for the gain of a few." We may shortly be inclined to publish, for the benefit of our readers, an Appendix to the "Library," in the shape of an abridgment of letters, pointing out the errors of the present Editor of the Library of the Fine Arts, in not suiting the taste of each individual reader, and suggestions for remedying the errors above-mentioned, by an infusion of universal stimulants, models of perfection, and panegyrical criticisms. Our Printer assures us that the intended Appendix, by judicious selection, may be comprised in twenty 8vo. volumes; and as censure is a palatable commodity in the market, we have no doubt of a speedy sale. We have recently been the rounds of our acquaintance, in order to glean the general crop of opinion,—general crop? alas! Each blade is dissimilar to its neighbour. We had hoped to find a wide field and a full harvest, but to our sorrow, each ear of corn was bent by a different breeze. One of our advisers recommended us to infuse wholesome severity, and to sacrifice reputations without remorse;—"For," said he, "a man would rather be spoken ill of, than remain unnoticed; and the public will deem you fearless—consequently *talented** and just.

* We beg pardon of the Editor of the Literary Gazette for the use of this obnoxious word.

Besides, the times, my dear Editor, are such as to preclude the possibility of effecting good by ill-timed lenity." With this opinion, duly registered in the mental tablet, we hurried to another friend, who, after our humble appeal to his superior judgment, delivered his opinion in a mild tone to the following effect: "If I were to presume to give an opinion on a subject of such importance, ill-qualified as I am, I should be inclined to observe, with due deference to your superior ability (*ours*, gentle reader) that in all human affairs the *suaviter in modo* is the bond of union even between conflicting interests, therefore, if you could manage to keep "the even tenor of your way," and never to be too high or too low, and yet not negative, you would escape ill-will." Thanking our *medium* friend, we retreated on our homeward course, and scarcely had we subsided into our own conclusions, (no easy matter, by the bye, after all this,) than we were tapped on the shoulder, and strange to say, without starting at such an ominous appeal, we turned our head (which had been nearly turned before by kindly advice) and beheld our candid friend, Surly Megrim, Esq., peering at us through a pair of malignant eyes, which although in the head of a lawyer, had not a *brief* expression, but a long, searching, harrowing look, that proclaimed a verdict against you, before others could have perused the evidence of your delinquency. "So they tell me, you have popp'd into an *Editorship*? Aye! What, you? Well, you're the last person I should have selected! Why, it's a *ship* that won't *sail* without a *sale*. Can you command one? Aye? Why, you haven't a constitution to bear it; and then, my dear fellow, it requires talent. Why, the first sheet will be your winding sheet! You're very well in your way, but it requires sterner stuff than yours. However, I don't wish to discourage you, only take my word, you had better think of number one, before you think of your first number." Cheered, of course, by this ebullition of friendship, we entrenched *ourselves* in our study, and refused to see "the human face divine," since it afforded so little flattering unction to our wounded spirit. There, after sundry ejaculations, indicative of impatience, contempt, and—resignation,—

Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,

we pondered on all the kind advice that had been offered: our pride not allowing us to resign, as recommended by our friend Megrim, we determined upon abating the quiet, sedate, philosophical turn we had hitherto displayed, and infusing more "airy nothings" to suit the taste of many readers, who are happy enough to be pleased with some-

thing less than a profound and elaborate essay upon the exact period of the Pyramid of Cheops, or an investigation of the causes that prevented neighbouring states of Greece from possessing similar powers. For the benefit of these readers, then, we invoke the aid of Momus, and being *ourself* a very grave, *classical* personage, we have penned the following notice to our light writing friends.

WHEREAS it having been suggested to us, that we are too good for many of our readers, who consider that *lightness* alone will give *weight* to a work, we beg to inform our numerous friends and correspondents that we shall be glad to avail ourselves of that wit and sprightliness which we have not cultivated in ourselves, but which we have no doubt is to be found in the ranks of our contributors. We shall not presume to shackle the writers, but offer to their notice the following hints for subjects, suggested by discerning friends. The anatomy of a soap-bubble, and a comparison instituted between the tints of a picture and those displayed on its convex mirror. The history and confession of a painting room mouse, with a new theory of the utility of mice in the Fine Arts founded on Homer's *Batrachomomachia*. The secrets of a painter's wardrobe, with surmises at the possibility of straining old linen on decayed strainers. An ingenious dissertation on the antiquity of the several P. R. A's. of the Royal Academy, tending to elucidate the disputed point whether P. R. A. the minor, *i. e.* the Porter of the Royal Academy were the first installed in office to receive P. R. A. the major, or President of the Royal Academy; or whether P. R. A. the major, or the said President of Royal Academy were first installed in his official chair before the election of P. R. A. the minor, *i. e.* the Porter. An hour's distress experienced by a portrait painter on being required to paint all the pock marks in a sitter's face. An elegy on a broken maulstick—an ode to a full Palette. Letters from offended colours, proving, from the works of various painters, the perversion and misapplication of their charms. An essay on dead coloring; with the connexion between dead colors and dead languages, proving that language is the source of every tint, it being in the power of language to give a color to every thing. A cursory criticism on the Arts, from the time of Adam down to the present day, with anticipations founded on *experience*, of the future schools all over the world—A satire on good painting by a bad artist. The devil in the varnish, or the fog over a sunshine, a soliloquy by an obscured picture. The sub-divisions of a patron's brain, with witty remarks on the component parts. Panegyric on thumb and toe painting—brushes at a discount. An ana-

lysis of Queen Elizabeth's dislike to shadows under the nose, and her Royal father's partiality for two ears.

These, and many more, have been suggested, as subjects well calculated to enlist the attention of our readers, from their novelty and from the unusual scope they afford to enterprising writers.

It is expected that all productions be perfectly suitable in every respect; neither too flippant, nor too personal, nor too any thing, indeed, that constitutes character. Every witticism must be warranted original, and of a nature not to get stale by keeping; and it is also expected that every joke will be so decidedly palpable, that not a person shall hesitate for a moment to appreciate it.

Trusting that our classical friends will do justice to our praiseworthy desire to please all parties, without repeating, with Young,

"Art, brainless Art! our furious charioteer,
Drives headlong tow'ards the precipice of death."

And that our mirthful subscribers will feel convinced that we think of their amusement, as well as of our high literary and philosophical character, we await the effect of our announcement, feeling confident that we shall shortly be able to present to the public, what has hitherto been a desideratum in literature—a work that shall please each individual taste, attracting the notice of the learned and the illiterate—the grave and the gay,—hoping as a "consummation most devoutly to be wish'd,"

Th' applause of grateful readers to command;
The threats of blows and insults to despise;
To scatter pleasure o'er a smiling land;
And read our praises in subscribers' eyes.

COPIES AT THE BRITISH GALLERY.

ALTHOUGH we consider this exhibition of the copies made during the season, more as an indulgence to the friends of the students, than an appeal to the fastidious connoisseur and the dreaded critic, we cannot consent to pass it over, even though it does not bear the coronet of original art. On Saturday, Dec. 1st, the walls of the British Gallery, studded with copies of all degrees, from pictures of all subjects, courted

the admiration of partial friends, and retired not from the animadversion of the critical. It is almost as silly to oppose all copying as it would be to rail at grammatical exercises, or to scold a child for its tottering attempts at walking. As a preparation, it is oftentimes beneficial; as a constant practice, and mistaken mode of achieving excellence, it is to be opposed; and, as a means of livelihood, it is to be lamented. But in copying for instruction, a little scrutiny is requisite; the agreeable is not always beneficial; that which attracts the tyro's eye, and encourages his hand, may not be the best calculated to mature his judgment; and from the choice of the students at the Institution, we should be inclined to say, that the higher the work of art, the fewer copies are made of it. When we behold in one corner, such a flight of Cupids as would disturb the repose of any assembly on earth, fluttering in the endless variety of disjointed members and glaring tints, we cannot help regretting that his flight should have been arrested for a moment. It is, perhaps, useless to quarrel with tastes, but we believe there are many who

" See the right, and who approve it too,—
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

We are consequently inclined to blame the bad example they set to their inferiors in art. In a school of instruction we necessarily conclude that the cluster of copies indicates the presence of an original of great pretensions; yet this very Cupid, who was ever a sad deceiver, is perhaps as feeble a work as was left for the students' emulation. It is a bold, glowing study, but very unfit to instil either propriety of colouring or drawing, and much more calculated to encourage the besetting sins of this slovenly school. The genius of Reynolds is a noble subject of contemplation to the proficient, but often a fatal example to the beginner. Unmeaning masses of light are mistaken for *his* breadth; glaring tints are heaped on with the palette knife, to imitate *his means*, few caring so much for the *effect* of his skill, as for a vulgar and servile, yet faithless attempt at his dexterity. The coldest grey lies by the hottest brown, and reflections frittered with preposterous profusion. Altogether, the effect of so many crude and careless copies of an unimportant original was painful to our perception, and we went away muttering, with Thomson,

" And let th' aspiring youth beware of Love;
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours:
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away."

As well might we hope to have torn the ancients from their penates, as to divert English artists from their worship of Reynolds:—it is their faith;—for the strong, a beneficial one; for the weak, a source of imbecility and bigotry. We hope we shall not be misunderstood in our partial censure of that great man; it is rather the injudicious swarms, that hover round his defects, that we condemn.

In the same room was Rembrandt's *Lucretia*. It may have been *his*; but Tarquin's *Lucretia* must have been a very different sort of personage. Is it possible that the very people who rail at Hogarth's *Sigismunda* should bow before this gloomy caricature? So much for Age! Illustrious perpetuator of glaring absurdities, how much is laid to thy charge! The chaste Roman matron has suffered as much from Rembrandt as from Tarquin! Turn to the exquisitely painted head of the *Marchesa Spinola*, by Vandyck; never mind her withered arm—a slip of the brush, perhaps—but relish the beauty of the expression and the harmonious colour of the head, indeed of the whole picture. Mr. Heaphy's copy struck us as one of the best, but they none gave the beautiful greyish brown tone of the back-ground, or the negative green of the curtain: the rich red gown in the original appeared beyond all the copyist's art, a dull, heavy, Indian red, or a raw lakey tint, was substituted. Mr. Hilder's landscape was very faithful. Mr. Woolmer's *Interior of the Gallery*, with some of the pictures introduced pleased us, particularly as we were obliged to hunt down his setting sun in our last—this shews that he is fitted for something better than mere eccentricity. Two of the best copies in the gallery were by ladies, those from *Canaletti* by Miss Cooke and Miss Dujardin; both very cleverly executed. The *Nativity*, by Paul Veronese, was rather successfully copied by Herbert Smith; the general effect was well given, but the parts wanted that exquisite crispness which characterizes “the ornamental painter, Cagliari.” A glaze would considerably improve it, as it is a capital foundation. Besides this, there were not more than three or four copies of this beautiful picture, which is in many respects equal to Titian. We will venture to affirm that it is replete with example for the student; and that, after an attentive copy of it, nature would appear in a very painter-like light; and a relish for the higher excellencies of colour and form be instilled, which a thousand “*Cupids*” would fail to communicate. Rubens, it is true, was copied. *St. Martin* and the *Beggar* was repeated in small by many—but none appeared of any extraordinary merit. *St. Sebastian* was groaning in silence, and none seem to have been attracted by his suffering appeal. Here again was an opportunity of real study.

However, it is ungracious "to teach the young idea" how to choose fitting objects to embellish it, or to direct the hand in the career of greatness. We have neither the inclination nor the room to notice "more of the copyist's cunning." With such an excellent intention on the part of the proprietors of the pictures, we regret that so few enlightened views on the part of the artists should second their liberality, and that each

——— So little knows to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worse abuse, or to their meanest use.

PANORAMA OF STIRLING, LEICESTER SQUARE.

It requires some judgment to select a scene calculated to enlist the public attention. In this Mr. Burford has generally been successful. The beauties of the "Val d'Arno" have given place to the charms of the "Carse of Stirling;" a spot that attracts the refined by its historical and poetical recollections, and rivets the attention of the unlettered by its natural loveliness. "Snowdoun Castle," as the former seat of royalty, and the unfortunate Mary's asylum from the insults of her subjects; as the scene of Wallace's exploits, and the attacks of Prince Charlie's highlanders, and many other military exploits, must ever be an object of interest to the former; and to the latter, the commanding situation of the fortress—the windings of the Forth, through the beautiful valleys shut in by the Grampians, Ben Lomond and "the green hills of Campsie," must be productive of untutored delight.

We do not pretend to affirm, that the View of Stirling offers those striking points which have distinguished many of Mr. Burford's former panoramas, but the present may justly be entitled to rank as a favorite, from the excellent notion it conveys of the valleys beyond the Tweed. We should say that in many respects it is superior to former productions—the distances are exquisitely painted, and only require a bolder fore-ground, in some parts, to recede perfectly. We will take the two opposite angles of the castle as instances. The side towards the old and new bridges has a very striking effect, and we readily imagine it to be "over the hills and far away;" but on the side towards Doune Castle, for want of a little more decision in the fortress, and the trees and parapet below, the landscape "hangs o' the view. This might

easily have been effected, without the powerful artifice of the opposite shadowed side. It would be of little use to suggest, that the view is too near the eye, and that consequently the objects in the foreground required to be larger and more boldly painted. We must, however, do justice to Mr. Slous, and congratulate him upon the very skilful manner in which he has achieved his arduous task. The figures of the "Highland Society" are admirably delineated; they display a painter-like feeling we seldom trace in panoramic figures. Those lining the wall, to the left of the esplanade, are most cleverly arranged, and the light and shadow well managed.

We are reminded, by that phrase, of a duty we have to perform, which is to notice the want of uniformity of perception in the various persons employed in painting panoramas. According to their views, the sun appears to be in the centre of their scene, and they make all the shadows correspond with this erroneous notion of the diffusion of light; so that on one side we find the light strikes from the left, and on the other from the right. Now the immense distance of the sun from the object represented, causes its rays to strike in a straight line, and consequently to cause a similar projection of shadow: yet, in the view of Stirling, the shadows on the castle appear to proceed from one sun, and on the white cottage, near Arthur's Table, from another, as their direction from the chimneys would indicate. This is a very common error.

We might also suggest that there are two conflicting effects; one, the cool morning tint, the other the glow of afternoon. Owing to a slip of the pencil, the lines of the masonry, in the nearest tower of the castle gateway, where they vary their direction above and below the point of sight, appear incorrect, and the reflection on the shadow side is rather too violent, interfering with its recession. The flag-staff, though a trifle, is wonderfully real, but it is a pity the reflection of light from above interferes with the upper part of the castle. Altogether we congratulate Mr. Burford on his successful labours.

ANCIENT ENGLISH ARCHITECTS.

INIGO JONES (*Continued*).

INIGO JONES was no sooner in Rome, according to Walpole, than he found himself in his sphere; he felt that nature had not formed him

to decorate cabinets, but to design palaces, he dropped the pencil and conceived Whitehall; the fact however is that he acquired so much reputation that Christian IV. of Denmark sent for him from Venice, which was the chief place of his residence where he had studied the works of Palladio, and made him his architect about 1604; but on what building he was employed we are yet to learn. But though no building at Venice is attributed to Jones, the palace and the front of a church at Leghorn are said to be by him, but the grand piazza or square at Leghorn, was completed, says Mr. Dallaway, under the auspices of Ferdinand the First, (of the Medici family) who died in 1609. Jones was then too young, in practice at least, and it is not probable that as a foreigner he should have been preferred before the Tuscan architects; but that he took the leading idea of Covent Garden from Leghorn, whoever has seen both will allow, and that Jones has improved upon the original plan: Evelyn indeed says "that it was built after the model of that at Leghorn." Jones had for some time held the honourable post of architect to the King of Denmark, whose sister Anne had married James the First, and made a visit to England in 1606; and our architect, being desirous to see his native country took that opportunity of coming home, in the train of his Danish Majesty. Mr. Cunningham, in his lives of artists, thinks there must be some little error in these dates, for Jones was at Oxford in 1605, and when Walpole says James the First found him at Copenhagen, and Queen Anne took him in the quality of her architect to Scotland, he reminds us that James never visited Denmark after he had mounted the English throne; nor could the Queen bring him in her train as her architect, because she left her native land before Jones was invited from Venice by her brother; neither did she take him to Scotland till, after an absence of fourteen years, she paid a visit to her ancient kingdom accompanied by her husband and a splendid train.

It is however certain that the magnificence of James's reign in dress, buildings, &c. furnished Jones with an opportunity of exercising those talents which ultimately proved an honour to his country. Mr. Seward, we know not upon what authority, says, that the first work he executed in this country after his return from Italy, was the decoration of the inside of the church of St. Catherine Cree, Leadenhall Street. We know however that the queen appointed him her architect shortly after her arrival, and he was taken in the same character into the service of Prince Henry, under whom he discharged his trust with so much fidelity and judgment, that the king gave him the reversion of the place of surveyor general of his majesty's works. Webb declares that

Jones was of another temper than to be transported with every airy bubble; that he was neither arrogant nor ambitious, nor exulted in his knowledge or his learning; but on grounds which are equally sure, he claims for him a nature generous and noble, when the surveyor's place fell to him after the death of Prince Henry in 1612. It was about the time when he received the promise of the place of surveyor general, that this office of his majesty's works, having through the extraordinary occasions in the time of his predecessor contracted a great debt, the privy council sent for the surveyor to give his opinion on the course to be taken to ease his majesty of it; when Jones not only voluntarily offered to serve without pay himself, in whatever kind due, until the debt was fully discharged, but also persuaded his fellow officers to do the like, by which means the whole arrear was soon cleared. This Roman disinterestedness, as Walpole calls it, proves at once that the architect had other means of subsistence than his surveyor's salary, but he was never rich; and though he is upbraided by Philip Earl of Pembroke, with having £16,000 a year for keeping the palaces in repair, there is no proof that the bargain was profitable, or that he gained more than the bare government pay of 8s. 4d. a day with an allowance of 46l. a year for house rent, besides a clerk and incidental expenses. Mr. Cunningham however must remember that he was patronized by the nobility as well as the court, and the man who erected so many splendid palaces for them, was of course amply remunerated. Walpole says, what great rewards he had are not upon record, his savings could not be large from his salary, and he was too generous to profit by the liberal spirit of his master, who was the poorest king of the richest nation in Europe. Of his modesty respecting the perquisites of his place there is a proof which no one will doubt, to wit, a written testimony by King James, in the British Museum, "whereas, says this document, there is due unto Inigo Jones esq. surveyor of his Majesty's works, the sum of 38l. 7s. 6d. for three years arrears of his levy, out of the wardrobe, as appeareth by three several debentures, these are therefore to will and require you to make payment unto the said Inigo Jones and his assignees, and for thus doing, this shall be your warrant." For three years the king was unable to pay the annual price of his surveyor's *livery*, and the latter had the modesty and the forbearance to wait till accident, or the tardy liberality of the Commons, replenished the exchequer with the sum of 38l. 7s. 6d.

It is to the interval between the first and second of Jones's travels abroad, that Walpole is inclined to assign those buildings of his, which

are less pure, and border too much on a bastard style of Gothic, and which he reformed in his grander designs, for it is very certain that before this improvement in his style, and with all his correct taste, he at one time compounded and persevered in what the wits of the succeeding age nicknamed K. James' Gothic; they had a littleness of parts and a weight of ornaments, with which the revival of the Grecian taste was encumbered, and which he shook off afterwards. The north and south sides of the quadrangle of St. John's College, Oxford, are examples of that peculiar style, in which heaviness of design is sought to be lightened by excess of ornament; the busts between the arches, and the heavy foliages and wreaths under the alcoves, have been condemned as unclassical; and he has been accused of copying the faults and neglecting the excellences of his great forerunner, Palladio. There is no doubt that in those, and other buildings, he wilfully departed from approved models of purity, in search of the original and picturesque. He desired to exhibit something striking and new; and it must be acknowledged by all who will look at some of these structures, dismissing all preconceived notions of architecture from their minds, that they are splendid and massive, presenting an image of stability which too few of our public edifices possess. Such is the opinion of Mr. Cunningham: we are not so fully aware of this; and, we think that if Mr. C. will turn to the elevations of Nonsuch, &c. by Stone, Balsover, by Smithson, and a numerous list of magnificent buildings by an earlier architect, Thorpe, he will find earlier instances of stability and beauty, equal to those of Jones. We, however, can observe a gradual advance from grotesque grandeur to simplicity and elegance—as the nation approved, he was emboldened to take another step, and thus, feeling his way in public confidence, he ventured at last to produce those pure and classic designs, in which none of the Gothic or Tudor alloy mingled. This, however, was the fruit of long and patient study; meantime, he found other employments, which, at that time, had no small influence in ushering him to distinction. In the reign of James I. Walpole found a payment by a warrant from the council to *Inigo Jones*, Thomas Baldwin, William Portington, and George Weale, officers of his Majesty's works, for certain scaffolds, and other works, by them made by the command of the Lord Chamberlain, against the arraignment of the Earl of Somerset and the countess his lady; the expense was £20. In the *Fœdera*, vol. xviii. p. 97, is a commission to the Earl of Arundel, Inigo Jones, and several others, to prevent building on new foundations, and in the *Strafford papers*, are some letters of Mr. Garrard, which contain an account of proceedings under that com-

mission by virtue of which, twenty newly-erected houses, in St. Martin's Lane, were pulled down. It has been related, on the authority of Leland, that Inigo was employed by the University of Oxford, in the preparation of a masque desired to welcome King James, in 1605. The author adds, that he promised better than he performed; but if he failed at Oxford, he succeeded in London, where he was invited to aid Ben Jonson in planning those magnificent masques which were introduced by Anne of Denmark, and gave such lustre to the court of James. Walpole, an admirer of courts and a lover of splendour, says that poetry, painting, music, and architecture were called in to make the royal family rational amusements; and that he had no doubt, the festivals of Louis XIV. were copied from the shows of Whitehall, at that time the most polite court in Europe,—there Jonson wrote, Jones invented, Lanieri Ferabaseo composed the symphonies; and the king, the queen, and the young family, danced in the interludes. It is not known, nor is it worth knowing, how much of the literary talents of Jones were enlisted in the service; but he had the *honour* of supplying the machinery, the scenes, and the painted representations of gods and goddesses, and such allegorical personages as were necessary to the masque—"red, white, and grey, with all their trumpery." But it does not accord with our feelings for the reputation of this great genius,—the designer of the Banqueting House, &c. to conceive that he could have been satisfied with the applause gained by building wainscot arches and pasteboard castles. Mr. Cunningham, who has related many of these doings at length, says, "we see also that he made temples worthy of his gods, and that the knights and noble ladies of the masques met and conversed under classic porticos. These painted buildings prepared the minds of the princes and nobles for the more substantial imitations of Grecian and Roman art; and Jones omitted no opportunity of introducing them into the scenery of his masques." That he could, however, advance the taste for architecture in the scenery he used in such entertainments as the queen's masque, &c., celebrated as they might have been, we are not aware. In this masque it is related, the witches prepared their cauldron, and sang the infernal lyriac, descriptive of the atrocious ingredients, where the artist astonished the court, by exhibiting a hall, smoking and flaming, "from whence," says Ben Jonson, "these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth; the device of their attire was Master Jones's, with the invention and architecture of the whole scene and machinery, only *I* prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic." The

first court pageant, or masque, in which the talents of Jones and Jonson were united, is the masque of Blackness, acted, or rather, as the poet himself says, personated before the court, at Whitehall, on Twelfth Night, 1605.

Those of our readers who wish to plunge deeper in the art of masques and pageants, will find much entertainment in the accounts of them by Mr. Cunningham, and a fuller account may be met with in the Progresses of King James I., by Mr. Nichols; the latter gentleman, in his very interesting work, informs us, however, that the scenery and contrivance for the masque of Mercury Vindicated, by Jonson, could not have been the invention of Inigo Jones, because in January, 1614—15, he was in Rome.

To be continued.

OPINIONS ON ART.

FOLLOWING in the order of the author of "Enquiries, &c." Design is thus introduced. "We are told by Pliny, that all the statues before the time of Dædalus were represented stiff and motionless; with winking eyes, closed feet, and arms hanging down in right lines to their sides; these were the rude essays of design." We are, however, informed in a note, that "the Egyptians continued to the last, even when they were masters of a more perfect design, to represent their deities in the manner above described. We cannot suppose that this was owing to an ignorance of the advantages of a graceful action, but rather to their bigoted attachment to certain theological ideas. The Greeks, who borrowed their religion, as they did their arts, from the Egyptians, followed for some time this mode of representation; till at length their aversion to every thing ungraceful overcame their prejudices."

How the Greeks came by this aversion can only be conjectured; it might be from the enjoyment of more liberty, and that expansion of mind which necessarily follows the proper use of reason: and thus with Dædalus at their head the Greeks became the reformers in art, and "unfolded these embarrassed figures, threw motion into their limbs, and life and expression into their countenances. In the progress of art, and in abler hands, motion was fashioned into grace, and

life was heightened into character. Now, too, it was, that beauty of form was no longer confined to mere imitation, which always falls short of the object imitated; to make the copy equal in its effect, it was necessary to give it some advantage over its model. The artist, therefore, observing that nature was sparing of her perfections, and that her effects were limited to parts, availed himself of her inequalities, and drawing these scattered beauties into a more happy and complete union, rose from an imperfect imitation to a perfect ideal beauty."

It is thus that Mr. Webb draws from the testimony of the ancient writers, and the evidence of the more ancient sculptors, his hypothesis, that the painters of the same period equally excelled in the several qualities of art requisite to form a perfect picture, leaving no advance to have been made by Raphael, Michael Angelo, the Carracci's, or other masters of the Italian or other schools. Something, however, is admitted in the case of Correggio's practice, confined, however, to his grace and his chiaroscuro; and, in conclusion, every thing connected with the Fine Arts was seen in a greater degree of perfection among the ancients than has since appeared.

As regards the quality of Design, it cannot be doubted that on the revival of art and in the Italian school, the statues of the ancient sculptors afforded examples of that purity of design which distinguishes the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, &c. But not so in colouring: It is from the evidence of writers alone that any idea can be formed of their colouring, as no vestige of these miracles in painting has reached us, (with the exception of those found on the walls of Herculaneum,) we have no examples of colouring which can be compared with those of the Venetian school, the works of Titian and the contemporaries of that great artist.

The reform in colouring then may be allowed a more modern date, and derived equally from the observation of nature, as were the forms of grace and beauty in the early Greek sculptors; but more on this head in its proper place, that of colouring among the ancients, as seen in the writers of the same period. The matter in hand is the subject of Design, which, in its fullest acceptation, embraces invention, contrast, and general arrangement of the group or parts which form the picture.

Richardson, on the theory and practice of painting, is very limited in his definition of Design. "By design, or drawing," he says, "is sometimes understood the expressing our thoughts upon paper, or whatever other flat surface, and that by resemblances formed by a pen, crayon, chalk, or the like."

Design has its progressive character ; it is sometimes seen in a few hasty lines, crude and unconcocted, then repeated and carried on by the aid of relief in light and shade. Of such sketches or outformings of first thoughts we can have no examples from the ancients, though doubtless they must have existed, and, could such have been preserved, they would only have shewn us that the operations of the human mind have been the same in all ages.

These rude and imperfect sketches, which present, in many instances, a complexity of lines that would puzzle any but a proficient in art to unravel their meaning, are held in high and just estimation : coming as they do from the hands of masters, whose finished works have secured them a just regard, they are sanctioned as relics, and entertained among the most cherished objects of virtue. It is often among these loose lines that imagination holds its revels, perfecting in its own way the vague resemblances of things.

The views of the author so often quoted do not appear to embrace, or rather to descend to, these rude efforts of the pencil : it is with the finished picture and the exalted subject that his spirit dwells.

The power of design is alike shewn in selecting appropriate figures, the most perfect expression, and the most suitable accessories, agreeable to the subject to be treated. Nor must it be forgotten that the drama of familiar life, and the scenes of its satire are alike capable of exercising the powers of design. And it is thus that a wider field of expression is opened, than there would be if design were limited to the exalted forms and subjects of art.

Invention is so intimately connected with design, that it is often named and considered as such, and it is here that genius is more especially to be traced than in the more mechanical part. For, after the first energies are expressed in the haste of composition, the hand has a long, and, as appears to the ardent mind, a heavy task to perform, and often do we find the spirit of the first sketch lost in the more finished work. The late Sir Joshua Reynolds, aware of this evaporation of spirit, always began his design upon the canvas. West, on the contrary, made first his loose sketch, often (as he has said) under the comb, that is, while his hair was being dressed ; then a more finished one in black and white ; and afterwards, what was called a finished sketch, in colours, upon a small scale, for his larger pictures ; and there is hardly one of these smaller size but shews more of the spirit and energy of the painter, than those of his more extended and colossal size.

That we do not always find this waste of spirit in the works of

Rubens and others, whose multiplied productions sometimes startle the unpractised, and stagger general belief, is thus accounted for. After laying in the design themselves, the laborious part was left to others, and the finishing hand, like a fresh and able reserve, entered again with spirit to the action, and the result was victory.

It is said that one man must be born a painter, as well as another a poet. Now the poet, his mind stored with lofty thoughts and images, comes to the task of pouring out his ideas, by written signs rapidly executed, as perfect in his first essay as far as language goes, as at any future period;* not so the painter, ere he can sketch with rapidity, there is a process in which the will and the hand must be brought to execute what the mind prompts; and this process I shall endeavour to point out.

It is with many a young artist a laboured and abortive effort to express his ideas in drawing. He shrinks when he compares the beau ideal of his mind with the miserable and drawing appearance of his sketch; and it may be said of him (as of the despairing traveller), "in many a vain attempt how sinks his soul." He feels, also, that the attempt without the deed confounds him. The fact is, that nine out of ten come to the task without having undergone a sufficient probation, or the previous practice requisite to fix clearly, and transfer readily the images of things which pass through the mind. For the attainment of this power, it is necessary to observe, that in the first attempt in drawing, there is a calculating process going on. The memory is exercised, though momentarily, and that while the eye passes from the prototype to its imitation; after a while, the eye takes in a larger compass, more of the object is remembered, and a facility is attained sufficient for the pupil to draw from what is called the round: that is plaster casts, in various forms, of hands, feet, bust, &c.

Hitherto his example has been on a plain surface, the lines expressing curve or angle have been laid down for his imitation; but in drawing from the round, he must, in a great measure, find his own way, and shew his taste as well as readiness in their arrangement.

I am supposing, not only that drawing from the round, the bust, &c.† has been practised, but that the pupil has attained a facility in drawing

* *Quære?*—Ed.

† The French academy, at an early period, prohibited the mode of shadowing with the stump, but made their pupils make out their light and shade in lines hatched and crossed, so as to resemble a bold engraving. There was far more labour in this way, but then it gave a freedom of hand, and exercised their taste in the style of laying their lines.

from the life, in which the same calculatory process is going on from the eye to the hand, with more or less expertness. But, if in this practice he has never attempted to do without his model—that is, having drawn his figure, bust, &c. at the school or the academy, he has not endeavoured at home to repeat the same without sight of his model; or if, in attempting this, he finds he cannot accomplish his object, his practice is insufficient. How, without this power, can he expect to fix and transfer the fleeting objects which pass through the mind?—the views, just seen, and which then departed for ever; or how give the expression of the human countenance, equally evanescent? Hogarth, that great master of character and expression, must momentarily have seized the despairing gamester, or the frantic maniac. It is the same with gesture and attitude, with the transient and sudden effects in nature, in gleams of sunshine, in the darkness of the tempest, and in all the phenomena of elemental operations.

In proportion to the exercise of the memory through the medium of the sight, will be the power of transferring objects, giving expression, character, &c.

In this brief hint, I have only pointed out the path, shewing a sort of process, for the attainment of the powers which properly belong to design and invention; but I am well aware, that while many are long before they can obtain facility, there are some who appear to come, like Minerva, ready armed from the head of Jove, and are ready for the combat, while others are buckling on their armour. I have said appear, because it is well known, that education may be going on, and the mind become imbued both with knowledge and understanding, without a perception of the process by which they enter. An academic education would, in all probability, have been lost upon Morland,—it might also upon Hogarth.

Morland had seen his father work, had been tasked to the employment, his habit of seeing had been formed, and his ready perceptions acquired strength from necessity; still he had not come to the task without much of the practice I have pointed out, he must have learnt to draw; and with him, “the readiness was all;” his subjects were neither elevated nor graceful; sentiment could not be expected from the subjects embraced by this artist. English pastoral has seldom, if ever, been so well delineated, or the varieties and character of domestic animals more truly or felicitously painted. Fashion, which ought to have nothing to do with art, has lowered the tone of feeling towards Morland’s works; but as a variety in every well-

chosen collection, the judicious amateur will know how to set a value on this artist's performances.

With the memory properly exercised, and a facility of delineating objects from recollection, or what is presented to the mind by reading or imagination, every place and circumstance contribute to increase the power of converting the least possible, as well as the most palpable in form, to the purposes of the pencil. A mind thoroughly imbued with a taste for design, will gather accidental shapes of form or colour, ideas of groups and figures, of the happiest character and most perfect combination. The eye, accustomed to see objects in the view in which they may be made to appear on a plain surface, is never unemployed, "it is instant in practice," and continuous in operation.

Those who have not this facility of invention will have recourse exclusively to a model, and by the simple power of imitation, produce, in conjunction with other qualities of art, pictures skilfully painted, and interesting as they may have been well treated. It may be doubted, if Opie ever gave himself much, if any trouble, as to the arrangement of his groups, or the attitude of his figures: his strong and vigorous understanding took a direct and straight-forward course, and he seldom failed in giving the proper action to his principal figure. Perhaps his best composition, that in which simplicity of action and dignity of character are displayed, is from the *Winter's Tale*, where Polixenes is giving his command to Antigonus, to expose the infant.

It was hardly necessary for him to have clothed his principal figure in armour—though in it, we recognize strength, and the power to enforce obedience. An artist will often choose his subject, or press into his service such objects as are best suited to shew his powers to advantage, or his skill in the representation of certain materials. Armour is, in most instances, favorable as a contrast, attractive for its glittering quality, and the spirit it communicates. An example in this way may be seen in the late Mr. Northcote's painting of *Jael and Sisera*, in the council room of the Royal Academy. Here the contrast is finely marked in the softness of the flesh and drapery of the female, opposed to the suit of armour, which, however, in its character, is not quite in keeping with the remote period of the *Book of Judges*; nevertheless, it suited the artist, nor does it, in the least, take from the character of the design.

REVERIES ON THE FINE ARTS.

No. II.

(Continued from page 38.)

When Mr. West, after his visit to Italy, settled in London, his first residence was in Bedford-street, Covent-garden. It was there he received a visit from Hogarth, who, on being shewn the few cabinet pictures which Mr. West had painted abroad, particularly the Py-lades and Orestes, observed, "Now we shall have an opportunity of seeing, whether our *cognoscenti* will encourage the higher class of Art. It has been held out that we have only to prove that a living artist can produce works, that may compete with what has been done by the illustrious dead, for an artist to find encouragement, or obtain a living by his art: you are the artist who will bring the question to the proof, for I say it without flattery, that you give promise of restoring the epic-style of painting."

It has been asserted by certain amongst the biographers of Hogarth, that he was envious of the talents of his contemporaries; even of those who painted portrait, and landscape; so much so, indeed, that he sickened at the praises that were bestowed on their works. His conduct to Mr. West, however, is at variance with these opinions; for painting small figure compositions in so elevated a style, he was likely to become a more formidable rival to Hogarth, than any artist that had yet appeared. Hogarth and West became intimate friends, and constant associates, which friendship continued uninterrupted until Hogarth's death.

There was an open frankness in the conduct of Mr. West to his brother artists, in all that related to his personal practice, from which the then rising British school derived considerable advantage. He was always accessible, his gallery as he enriched it with new pictures, was ever open to inspection; and he was not only liberal in bestowing his advice to all the rising school, but ready to communicate, without reserve, to every one who sought information on the subject, all that related to the arcana of his profession, with which his mind was well stored.

Frank Hayman, as before observed, was considered to be the best historical painter in England, ere the arrival of West. It might, therefore, naturally be supposed, reasoning upon general experience, that

the honours and rewards bestowed on this formidable rival would have engendered feelings of jealousy in the breast of Hayman. It proved, happily for both parties, that it was far otherwise, for Frank at once candidly acknowledged the superiority of West, they too became intimate, and held each other in the greatest esteem. Frank loved his ease, he took up the trade of designing book-prints for the publishers, and left the epic-field open to him, who, indeed, had so ably won it.

The epic style of painting, indeed, prior to the days of West, found no legitimate patronage; and had it not been the custom from the time of Charles II.—who, at the Restoration, introduced a portion of the prevailing French tastes, under Louis XIV.—for splendid internal decoration in the palaces and houses of the great, those who studied the “grand or epic style,” might have shared the fate of the epic writers.

Hence, the chief employment of the father of British historical design—the venerable Sir James Thornhill, was the painting of the ceilings and walls of the royal palaces, and the mansions of the nobility.

Happily for this artist, however, he inherited a competent patrimony, for he could not have maintained his respectable establishment by the operation of his pencil and palette; although he peopled more space with Gods and Goddesses, than have since been created by all his successors, including all the schools, his ingenious labours being paid for, not by the mental measure of his talent, but by measurement by the superficial yard.

Plafond-painting has long since become an obsolete Art, which is to be regretted, for nothing within the sphere of internal-decoration is more strikingly grand, or more generally imposing, than a splendidly painted ceiling in a state apartment.

It is not now the order of the day, however, to erect buildings so much for effect, as for convenience. The painter and the sculptor have given place to the stove-grate manufacturer, the glass-cutter, the upholsterer, and the paper-hanger; and all that gorgeous splendor which burst upon the spectator on entering a lordly mansion one hundred years ago, is exchanged for expensive neatness, and extravagant simplicity.

Sir Peter Paul Rubens, for painting the magnificent plafond of the Banqueting-chamber of Whitehall, received the sum of four thousand pounds, which occupying little more than the superficies of four hundred yards, gives for his labour nearly ten pounds per yard. This ceiling, designed as it is in richly carved compartments, finely com-

bines with architectural effect. It should be remembered, that this grand work was executed for that distinguished patron of Art, the unfortunate Charles I.

Our countryman, Sir James Thornhill, who plied "the epic trade" nearly a century afterwards, when the value of money had so much decreased, received for his laborious and crowded designs in the great hall of Greenwich-Hospital, only three pounds per yard. He was nearly twenty years employed upon this work, beginning in 1708, and ending in 1727. It is true, that he was not a Rubens!

It may, perhaps, be worth recording, that during the progress of this laborious undertaking, several attempts were made by the ruling powers, to *screw the painter to a cheaper contract*. Sir James was stout in his demand, and the affair was referred to several eminent artists, natives, and aliens, then practising the Art with various success in the British metropolis. These worthies were, *Vanderveldt, Cooper, Richardson, Sykes, and Degard*, who reported in favor of Sir James, "that the performance was equal to any of the like in England, and superior in number of figures and ornaments."

Foreign painters, however, it is evident, brought their talent hither to a better market. Monsieur Rosso received of the Duke of Montagu, for painting his saloon, two thousand pounds; his grace, moreover, provided an extraordinary table for him, his friends, and servants, for two years, at an expense of £500 per annum. *Monsieur* was paid at the rate of seven pounds per yard for his designs.

Signor Verrio fared even better than *Rosso*, for he received for all his works, *ceilings, walls, grand-stairs, and back-stairs*, at the rate of £3 12s. per yard, exclusive of gilding; had apartments in the palace, a good house in the home park, had a table provided for himself and servants, and plenty of wine. He was almost as extravagant as Charles II., his royal patron, and drew so largely upon the privy-purse, that the merry monarch observed, Verrio, "I faith! a few more such expensive chaps as you and myself, would drain the royal exchequer." The Signor, at length, becoming infirm, and his eyes failing him, obtained a pension from the king of £200, and allowance of wine for life.

Signor Rizzi was employed by the Duke of Portland to paint the plafonds of three rooms, for which he received £1000. For the little chapel at his Grace's seat, Bulstrode, £600. And of the Lord Burlington, for the stair-case at his mansion, £700.

Signor Pellegrini, an Italian also, received of the Duke of Portland,

for decorations, £800. and other sums. And of the aforementioned earl, £200. for painting the walls of his entrance-hall.

Hayman once "lamented that he had not practised as a ceiling-painter, as he then should have been enabled to pick up a good living." "Yes," answered Roubilliac, "but then, master Frank, your good living would be procured at the daily risk of breaking your neck."

JOHN BOYDELL is entitled to the honor of being recorded as the earliest substantial friend to the British artists; for he expended more money in supplying the painters and engravers with employment, than all the nation together.*

This worthy, by profession an engraver, and of very mediocre talent, even in his day, took a small print-shop in Cornhill, the sign of the Unicorn, and there commenced the trade of publisher. We have before us some few of his engravings, in the line manner, from pictures by David Teniers, and others, which are of a very inferior cast indeed. This worthy citizen had the sagacity to discover, that he was much more likely to obtain a living by trading in the talent of others, than upon his own personal stock.

It happened, however, fortunately for him, that about the period of his commencement, there were a few talented young men just sprung up, who may be considered the founders of the British school of calcography. Major, Woollett, Canot, Strange, and others, who will be duly noticed as we proceed. Boydell obtained the loan of certain pictures of the old masters from the collections of those of the nobility who had galleries, and upon these pictures set his ingenious compeers to work.

It is gratifying to look retrospectively to this period, about the middle of the last century, for thence may be traced the commencement of that splendid career which has progressed until our native school of engraving has produced works which, taken collectively, in all the various ramifications of the art, have raised the reputation of the British above all modern schools.

Well do we recollect the worthy alderman wrapped in ecstasy and self-gratulation, as seen in the great exhibition-room, soon after the opening of the Shakspeare Gallery, surrounded as he was by so vast a collection of gorgeous pictures, commemorative of the mighty genius

* Mr. Boydell, in his memorial to the parliament, stated, that he had expended amongst his brother artists, nearly half a million of money.

of the "Bard of Avon," the works of British painters, his contemporaries; all of whom derived this splendid opportunity of displaying their respective talents for portraiture, from himself. It is due, however, to his memory to observe, that no one could deport himself with less ostentation than did this honoured trader.

The founding of the Shakspeare Gallery may be said to have given the first great impulse to that regard for the fine arts which has so widely extended within the last forty years; for until its establishment, the British people at large gave little consideration to the subject, generally manifesting the utmost apathy to all affairs of taste.

It was a favourable circumstance that the art was thus introduced to the notice of the people, through the medium of their idol Shakspeare; for it is a well-known fact, that Boydell's gallery was no sooner opened than all classes crowded thither, and *Painting*, for the first time, at once became the general subject of conversation at every public and private table.

Manifest improvement in the *gusto* of design became visible amongst our artists soon after the arrival of Cipriani in the British metropolis. He taught the advantages that were derivable from the study of the "*antique*." The opening of the gallery of casts from ancient Greek sculpture at Richmond-house, Whitehall, by the munificence of the Duke of Richmond, afforded a school for the rising artists. Mortimer, Cosway, and others, studied there, and, under the tuition of Cipriani and Moser, who rendered their valuable services gratuitously, acquired that knowledge of the human figure, and leading principles of taste, which they so eminently displayed in their compositions.

It was now that the designs for book-prints assumed a character which justified the pretensions of the publishers, who could at length conscientiously announce "an edition with elegant graphic illustrations." Bell's British Poets, to wit; some of the prints to which, as well in design as in engraving, may be justly deemed "gems of art." The book-prints of this period added much to the rising reputation of the British School. The memory of Bell, like that of Boydell, will be venerated by future generations of professors and amateurs of the graphic arts.

It is just to ascribe to the spirited and liberal exertions of these enterprising publishers, the patriotic merit of having first created a general public feeling in favour of the native school of painting and engraving, by the graphic embellishments which enriched the various editions of our favourite authors, which were published under their auspices; for so manifestly superior were the book-prints in question,

compared with those which had before issued from the British press, that they imperceptibly wrought that general taste for such productions, which, at length, has grown into a distinguished characteristic amongst the highest mental pursuits of the age.

DRAMATIC EFFECTS.

THE Doom Kiss seems to have imprinted the seal of condemnation on itself, and to have doomed itself to oblivion; and the Dark Diamond emits no lustre. So much for the attraction of balderdash! So much for the public encouragement of rubbish! Kean and Macready are triumphant in their emulous strife, and the genius of Shakspeare glows with undiminished lustre amidst the pollution of the national stage. *We must not omit to state that "a foreigner of rank" has undertaken to play the principal characters in our drama!*

Power's St. Patrick's Eve, or the Order of the Day, has succeeded at Drury Lane. The chief attraction, of course, is Farren as Frederick the Great, in which he displays his admirable perception of the character of that military monarch. We think it is even superior to his former attempts, and may fairly be placed beside his Charles XII. as a companion, whole length. There is but one fault, and that we are sure this admirable actor would help, if he could; his eyes are rather too small to complete the deception. Frederick's cod-eye, that could review his whole army at once, was so important a feature that we endeavoured to forget it. His costume, of course, is good, and we think it no mean praise to assert that we consider him the best dresser on the stage. Old Fritz' manner was, perhaps, more sententious than hasty. Farren's conveyed, at times, more of the petulant overbearing monarch, than the stern and phlegmatic laconism of the "father of his people," who was as remarkable for placidity of temper as he was for unbending firmness. We had always understood that Frederick was childless, yet we remember something in the piece about his son, Prince Henry! We may be mistaken. The scenery is not remarkable, with the exception of the bivouac on the banks of the Danube, which is a most exquisite scene, less defective in the pea-green moonlight of the dramatic painting room, than most others, yet we question if the moon is not always made too large.

"La Femme Sentinelle," an English ballet, with a French title! To be sure, the French are the parents of dancing: yet we might as well

refuse to speak English, because the Hebrew was the earliest language on record which fell from human lips. It is a poor attempt at forcing English dancers to be graceful. Verily, ours is not a gossamer race.

In the *Clandestine Marriage*, Mr. Cooper might pay a little more attention to costume, and not thrust the garb of 1832 into the 18th century. Similar anachronisms mar the effect of many a play. We would recommend to actors, when personating characters in the reign of George II. and the subsequent period, to recollect the short-sleeved coats and lace ruffles—the ample cravats and knots, and the amber-headed canes, not forgetting the wigs, or powdered hair, and decorated *queues*. As for the ladies, we must leave them to their own consciences, being fully aware of the pain that would be inflicted by the suppression of a favourite curl, or favourite's necklace, in the cause of propriety. We must be content to allow chambermaids to outshine their mistresses, and artless country girls to trip along in all the pride of London millinery. The habit of playing with the author and the audience cannot be too severely reprobated. It is a piece of impertinence in public servants, which the license of the age allows to pass unchecked. When the wit and superior discernment of actors shall supersede the necessity of adhering to the author's text, they may be allowed to indulge in green-room wagers and Thespian hilarity; till then, they had better repeat their paid lessons with the docility of school-boys. We have seen a simple error converted into a standing joke, that has become insufferable. In the *Hunchback*, the error taken notice of by the *Literary Gazette* is still in play. *Modus* has to say, "No man but me shall marry cousin Helen:" he tripped at first, and ever since there seems to have been an understanding among the actors that some amusement shall result from it, unpartaken by the audience. We beg to suggest to Mr. Abbot, whether, in his hands, the backward collegian is not of too doltish a nature; he need not quit his own character so much to spoil one of Sheridan Knowles'.

Mr. M. Stanley, of Drury Lane, gave more the feeling of the author. He was a timid scholar, yet a gentleman.

The *Grand Ballet of Massaniello*, as originally produced at the King's Theatre, with the same splendour of scenery, dresses, and decorations!!!

This piece was produced at Covent Garden, for the first time, on Thursday, December 6th; and Auber, screwed into a ballet, made his second bow to an English audience. The overture was played with great spirit, and was encored, yet to our ears it wanted an union of parts to render it harmonious—the horns were not in time, and the

whole of the *piano* passages were distressingly loud, in despite of the sibilant efforts of the suffering leader. Let the learned say what they will, music that rouses a whole world is not far from the intention of melody. We will not open the chapter of *harmony*, lest it produce *discord*. The opening scene is pretty—exhibiting a nice bit of distance, seen through a colonnade. The group joining in the bridal chorus might be more picturesquely managed: similar quantities where we look for variety are always unpleasant. The view of Naples is exceedingly flat, and the sky most coarsely painted. What a subject for the pencil. The dazzling semicircle of noble looking edifices—the towering citadel soaring into the cloudless sky, and the expanse of “ocean blue!” But here we have a something that would do for an English smoke-girt town as well as blooming Naples. The Market-place, again, is devoid of that crisp execution and clear tone peculiar to southern climes. The last scene possesses more of that painter-like feeling we should wish to see infused in the dramatic pictures. The tone of the mountain is good, and the whole composes well. The eruption is rather a shower of sparks, than a *bonâ fide* belching of the fiery furnace. However, we will not criticize a scene which it is impossible to represent. Just as the mountain began to spit, down dropt the green curtain: it, however, rose again to show the slayers and the slain in admirable confusion at the foot of the enraged volcano.

Coulon, as Massaniello, played admirably, and betrayed less of the dancing master, than might have been expected. His manly form was displayed to great advantage in the scanty habiliments of the Neapolitan fisherman. The scene where he rushes from the palace, phrenzied from the effects of the poisoned cup, was exceedingly fine, and ranks him high as an actor.

The bolero he dances with Mademoiselle Le Roux, is about as much like the real bolero as a minuet is like a jig. Whoever has seen the Spanish bolero is undone for all others.

M. Guerinot danced with great ease and vigour, and the gods, not satisfied with an exertion that was painful to behold, forced him to repeat his most arduous piece. We fear, though it may be fun to them, it is something different to him. The costumes are occasionally good; but altogether in the getting up, though there may be no lack of expense, there is a want of spirit that makes it flag. We can assure our readers also, that we were not splenetic, nor did we suffer from the gout: we, therefore, think there was some error behind the scenes.

At the Olympic, Vestris contrives to keep attention alive by a nightly Quartett. A friend, who accompanied us, expressed his dislike of short

pieces; for, said he, "No sooner is the curtain up and you begin to be a little interested, than down it falls, and leaves you only a *section* of delight." Now, in these undramatic days, it is a great deal to be interested at all, yet in spite of the occasional obscenity, which is unblushingly thrust from behind the curtain, some of the four burlettas, &c., nightly offered to a laughter-loving public, are highly diverting. The Water Party is really a very amusing trifle, and with Liston (who was ill) must be a very capital apology for nonsense. Mrs. Orger's character is well drawn and supported. The Conquering Game introduces us to Charles XII., aged 21, well personated by Webster. It is an amusing piece founded on the Swedish Madman's first Campaign, where fairly beaten by a woman, he flies back to his old mistress, Fame. The Court of Queen's Bench is well got up; some of the dresses are splendid. Vestris herself looks very beautiful.

Henriette, at the Adelphi, still runs. Mrs. Yates is as perfect as ever in her part—she does not appear to flag, a wonderful piece of perseverance, night after night—inclined or not.

"The Howlet's Haunt" has one good scene, the first of the second act; and the end of the last act is very dramatic. Reeve and Buckstone, by their respective powers of humour, make any thing go down; and with Yates, O Smith, Hemming, Mrs. Yates, and Miss Daly, the public seems inclined to be entertained—the height of philosophy inside the doors of a theatre.

There are two questions in dramatic affairs that must ever be at variance with each other, the question of what will take, on the part of the manager, and the question of propriety, on the part of critics, supported by an unrelenting sense of nationality. If other nations can preserve the integrity of their drama, why cannot we? are we behind them in intellect or industry? No, but we suspect our managers are; they appear to have about as much patriotism as their own empty benches.

From a *French director of an English Theatre* we certainly cannot expect *nationality*; nor should we be so foolish as to attempt to wash the blackamoor white, but we should be wanting in our duty, did we allow ourselves to be seduced by that which is abstractedly meritorious or amusing, heedless of claims of a far superior nature. It appears at present to be a sign of civilization to applaud unto the very echo whoever or whatever delights, divested of those wholesome prejudices—the barriers that preserve the land we love, the reputations we venerate, and the amusements we delight in. Cosmopolitanism is more often a sign of want of feeling or prodigality, than of judgment or liberality.

When we behold Racine, Corneille and Molière on their own stage, we bow to genius; but when we find exotics of a doubtful genus transplanted from their native soil, we sigh for the natural produce of our own. Shades of Garrick and Kemble, can ye quietly hover around the scene of your former glory and behold our mongrel stage? our most accommodating, cosmopolite stage, where, thanks to endless jealousies, British talent is repressed, and foreign legions claim the sympathies of money loving managers, and a thoughtless public. How will these spotted honors—these rose and lily garlands appeal to a future age? how will that age forfeit the honest pride we were bound to transmit to our descendants, when the British Lion is discovered crouching under the Oriflamme?

We have no unjust prejudices—we have seen too much of the world's varied hues—have been rivetted too much by foreign affections, to be splenetic and bigotted: but we must ever exclaim against the pollution of a national stage by aught that bears an un-English stamp. The glory of Helvetia has been tarnished by her hireling warriors, the nationality of Germany has been annulled by its dismemberment, France herself has resigned her natural strength—her restless energy, by having stifled in the den of faction the ennobling aspirations of patriotism. Shall we then hope to escape the fatal effects of an innovation which assails us where most we are vulnerable? shall we submit to be told that British talent can do so little for the amusement of a British audience, that we must shine in borrowed plumes, and those too borrowed from a nation with which we are willing to run the race of emulation? Fie! fie! the Genius of the land sleeps, our freedom degenerates into license, we care not a straw for the purity of the drama, and sink all sense of national dignity.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Heath's Book of Beauty, 1833.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

What is beauty? It has been asserted that this is the question of a blind man: it is also the question of an artist; and he, at least, is not blind to this, his very idol. The title takes our gallantry by storm; and were we not cool, determined critics, we should yield the citadel

of our understanding at the very first summons of such a besieger. But arming ourselves with the *plain* dealing apophthegm "Beauty is but skin deep," we enter the field against this adversary, to prove our title good, or his own captivating device, "a weak invention of the enemy." We are, first of all, *bound* to praise the *binding*, which fits it for the most aristocratic saloon in Christendom, and to assert that its getting up is worthy the present luxurious style of publication. But to our task—"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;" and when

wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

war with each other, it requires a bold man to decide. There are nineteen plots against the peace of man, in the shape of plates, by the following engravers: Thomson, Hopwood, Scriven, Môte, Cook, Woolnoth, Robinson, Ryall, Cochran, and Dean, from paintings by Boxall, Corbould, Chalon, Harper, Woolnoth, Wright, Stone, Miss L. Sharpe, Miss E. Sharpe; and Parris.

From the title we were led to imagine that the selection would have been more fastidious. In a land pre-eminent for female beauty, the most exquisite models may be obtained, and we cannot, consequently, consider "Grace St. Aubyn," by Parris, worthy of a niche in a temple of beauty. It may be said, that we may not happen to like that style of beauty. Style of beauty or not, her nose is infinitely too long, and her eyes too inexpressive to serve as a model. "Lucy Ashton," again, is a very nice, comfortable looking young lady, but no beauty; and then her dowdy costume! "Laura," by Wright, appears also on the doubtful list. "The Bride," by Chalon, is an awkward attempt at half tinting and shadowing a face—the engraver's line is blurred: the shoulder in light, whether by the fault of the engraver or artist, is very badly drawn. We find in many of our painters that it is no sin to allow an arm to spring from a wrong part. We wish they would emulate the skill of soldiers, and learn properly to "shoulder arms." Yet, withal, the bridegroom must be a happy fellow. "Meditation," by Boxall, is as sweet a bit as the book contains. She is a charming sentimental little creature:

"A sweet and melancholy face, that seems
Haunted with earnest thought."

It is as unassuming a portrait of a lovely girl as an admirer of modesty can wish for. We could quarrel with certain parts, but refrain. . . . "Madeline," by Stone, is another beautiful production—a mild, con-

fiding creature, wrapt in her gentle reverie, evidently not the gloomy one imagined by the fair poetess, who has undertaken to speak for those who speak well enough for themselves. "*Leonora*," by Woolnoth, is the portrait of a prettyish *blonde*. Mr. Harper's "*Mask*," notwithstanding her unveiled charms, we do not so much like; she appears flying out of the picture. We prefer Corbould's tasteful title page to his *Medora*, chill "as monumental marble." *Belinda*, by Miss Eliza Sharpe, is a lively personage, and one of the prettiest creatures in the book, affording an excellent contrast, by her sparkling expression, to the tenderness of Boxall's sentimental darling. *Theresa* and *Geraldine*, by Stone, are beauties of a more sedate character; the former possesses mild dignity—the latter is a woman of high resolve; we respect her more than we could love her; she wants that beautiful weakness which constitutes woman's strength. *Gulnare*, by Miss L. Sharpe, is well composed, and beautifully engraved by Ryall. The eyes are rather too large; there is such an evil as having too much of even a good thing, and eyes do not increase in attraction in proportion as they increase in size. The nose and mouth are beautifully drawn, and the accessories are managed with great taste. Altogether this is a very attractive plate. Boxall's "*Euchantress*" we do not consider equal to many of his works, although it is certainly pretty. In little bits of sentiment, Boxall excels; in grandeur and dignity he is often at fault. His "*Lolah*" composes well, all but the arm that hangs down: the upper arm is too long, and the lower deprived of its due proportion.

We are sorry we cannot dwell on so agreeable a theme as beauty, but space requires that we should abridge. The poetical and prosaical illustrations are by L. E. L. so that it is, in fact, a complete lady's book; and we anticipate much collision of taste from the presence of so many candidates, each likely to attract many admirers of either sex.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Lord Byron, Part IX.—When complete, this will certainly be a very splendid work, and a fit companion to the poetry of Byron. There is not a greater luxury than to be able, whilst reading a poet, to find his ideas more definitely embodied by reference to a portrait or view. The author can be appreciated so much more fully by a transcript of the type of his imagery, than by the vague amplifications of the reader. This number is fully equal to its companions. The vignette of *Seville*, notwithstanding the liberty taken with the "gentle Guadalquivir," is exquisite. The sun,

as it declines behind "Cesar's Tower," sheds its parting lustre on the venerable cathedral, and wraps the whole in solemn grandeur. There is something not quite so pleasant about Cape Leucadia, by C. Fielding; the white sail and the top of the rock are too snow-capt. Venice, by Harding, from a drawing by Lady Scott, is most exquisite, and is one of the best views of the *Dogana* and the neighbouring church that has yet been taken. The foreground is very rich, and the figures are introduced with Mr. Harding's usual taste. It is one of Finden's best engravings. The clouds of the Cork convent, near Cintra, are not well managed. Ferrara, by Prout, is a grand view, but somewhat heavy. The head of *Ianthe* is by no means one of Mr. Westall's successful works; it is ill drawn, and wants his redeeming elegance. It is a pity that as much attention is not devoted to the heads that accompany this work, as to the landscapes, for in general they are slighted. Yet, notwithstanding these discrepancies, the work, as a whole, is a very meritorious undertaking.

Memorials of Oxford, Part II. We had the pleasure of announcing the appearance of the genuine publication in our last Number. We have this month, the gratification of bestowing an equal praise on the joint labours of Messrs. Mackenzie and Lekeux. The same delicacy of execution and fidelity of detail are observable, and we cannot too strongly recommend these brilliant specimens of a pure style of delineation, and of engraving, to the notice of the admirers of architecture. The views of the present Number are, an exquisite interior of the Cathedral, and the Library, Christ Church, which is wrapt in a most *luminous* shade, presenting a difficulty overcome by the most consummate talent. The wood cuts are, in many respects, better than the former specimens. Were they more like vignettes, they would appear more light and suitable. This work, both for utility and ornament, deserves our very best wishes.

Loudon's Encyclopædia, Part VII. The present Number of this ingenious and well-conducted work is studded with nicely executed cuts, even more profusely than any former Number. To an emigrant such a guide must be invaluable, and could not fail to command comfort, even in a distant land. Of its intrinsic merits we do not pretend to decide, but it has all the appearance of a work to be relied upon!

What sylph-like figure is this? Mrs. Honey, as *Psyche*, drawn by Edward Novello, lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., a pleasing little

production, but decidedly not *too* pretty for the charming little actress it represents. We must beg the lady's pardon if we are forced to allude to her legs: but the print does not quite give the character we have been bold enough to be pleased with in the original. It reminds us somewhat of Chalon's works. We warn Mr. Novello of a dangerous school. Few have Chalon's power, all may glean his defects.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture, No. 2. The present Number of this splendid work contains, *Resignation*, by Chantrey. *Maternal Love*, by Baily. *Hebe* by Thorwaldsen. We regret that want of space obliges us to refrain from indulging in the encomiums we feel disposed to bestow on this most elegant work. The charms of the pen, the pencil, and the graver, in this land of traders, are seldom devoted to classicality; we here behold three beauteous arts—Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture—endeavouring to add a chaste wreath to Britannia's brow: and we trust the noble attempt will not be frustrated by the pretence of a want of money, while hundreds are lavished on flimsy baubles. This common plea of want of means implies more often a want of taste; and it is by the encouragement of such works as the present that the national taste will be elevated. We cannot, with our severe views of art, consider these specimens as the ultimatum of our desires;—the real unflinching truth of line is yet a mystery in this country; yet, as a work calculated to fascinate into knowledge, it has our unqualified approbation.

Melrose Abbey.—Moonlight. Inscribed as a tribute of respect to the revered Memory of Sir Walter Scott. Drawn and Engraved by T. M. Richardson. A very superior specimen of mezzotint, which reflects much credit on our Newcastle friends. We could have wished the sky had been more clear; it does not recede well; and a little more breadth of light in the building would have had a more pleasant effect. Dryburgh Abbey is to be published next, and from the present specimen, we should say that, independent of their poetical associations, they are valuable as works of art.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*Recollections of Henry Liverseege.**—The series of engravings now publishing by Messrs. Moon, Boys and Graves, from the works of this

* We have not reviewed the "Works of Henry Liverseege," sent to us for that purpose, wishing to avail ourselves of the opinion of one who was his intimate friend.—Ed.

lamented young artist, recalls to our memory his personal worth, and impels us more deeply to grieve at his early death. Young in years, but powerful in genius, at his decease he had achieved works, which being now more generally disseminated by engravings, startle those who before had never heard of him nor seen his productions. Liverseegee was not over ambitious to have his works engraved, unless it could be guaranteed to him, that they should be executed in the best style of line engraving. From the following circumstance he often complained of the publishers of the *Winter's Wreath*, (now defunct) having engraved one of his designs in a most wretched style; "Sir," to use his own words, "Sir, the public look only at the engraving, they take it as they find it with all its faults and imperfections, and never once think that it may be distorted in a thousand ways from the original: thus the faults are multiplied, and the designer obtains but a sorry reputation." And he was ever after chary of the ambition of being transferred to black and white.

Happening to call upon him one day, (the last time that he visited London) it became apparent that something troubled him; he was restless, and kept fumbling a card which he held. After having asked him the cause of his discomfiture, he answered that an engraver of the name of S. S. Smith had called upon him to request his permission to engrave the picture of the *Gravediggers* in *Hamlet*. "I feel embarrassed," said he "for I don't wish to appear proud, nor ungentlemanly; but after what has occurred in the *Winter's Wreath*, I am really fearful of trusting any but first rate hands." However, he postponed his decision until he should obtain the united opinions of some of his intimates, on whose judgment he relied. We all agreed that it would be greatly to his advantage to have one of his latest and best works engraved in the first style in line; (for he objected to mezzotint). But, "said he, previous to all further proceedings, I must see what the spark is capable of doing." After satisfying himself on this point, it was agreed that Mr. Smith should engrave it; this occurred in July, 1831. In the meantime he had determined in his mind to introduce some alterations in the picture; especially to put old oaken doors in the gothic doorway, thereby giving greater relief to the figures. This certainly would have been a great and decided improvement; and we are unaware of the causes that prevented its fulfilment. However, such as it is, it forms a most pleasing and brilliant painting, full of acute and telling expression. In the mezzotint engraving lately published, his sincere admirers regret the absence of his peculiar power of expression. The engraver seems to have been more anxious to

imitate the general effect and beautiful mechanical execution of the original, rather than to pay attention to the main feature of expression. It is entirely deficient in those nice and peculiar points of his superiority, brilliancy and sparkling animation in the expression of his countenances. Mr. Giller has been more successful in the picture of Hamlet and his Mother, than Mr. Bromley in the Gravediggers. Excepting the Hamlet and Ghost of Fuseli, we know of no similar subject treated with such powerful and poetical feeling; the misanthrope, the ardent soul, the suppressed and deadened feeling of the more sensitive passions, are all indelibly impressed in the countenance of the avenging son; shame, remorse, and terror, prevade the expression and attitude of the incestuous mother; while, to crown all, the armed spectre of the murdered Royal Dane, defined in effect, yet indefinite in outline, complete a picture of powerful and extraordinary beauty.

The picture of the 'Enquiry' is one of his very earliest compositions; but still in no way deficient in character and meaning—simple in its design, yet there is perceptible the germ of that genius and power which distinguished his later productions. It is always easier for a writer to depict an imaginary character by description, than for an artist fully to realise it by his pencil. In the first, however graphic may be the portraiture of the author, much is still left to be completed by the imagination of every reader. Whereas, in the latter instance, the realization of only one individual comes in contact against the conceptions and ideas of a host of feelings, more or less poetically inclined; hence the variety of opinions, the endless disputes, which are thundered forth on the appearance of every new design from Shakspeare, Scott, Byron, and many other authors. We have been led to the above remarks by the contemplation of Liverseege's 'Captain Macheath.' Now it is mighty well for a literary critic to say, it is not the Macheath of Gay; but at the same time that he utters this denunciation, he never condescends to inform the public, what is his version of the reckless and jovial Highwayman. For our parts, we confess, in our humble opinion, that Liverseege has not fully realized the sensual outlaw. But still the main features of the character are given. The poet portrayed him as a being reckless and thoughtless, whose hilarity no reverses could depress, and with whom even in the dungeon of death, dissipation and licentiousness overpowered reflection. As to the costume, the artist may be faulty in some respects; but who can define the limits of propriety of dress of days gone by? when our notions of that period are but vague, and when even on the stage Cæsar wore a full bottomed wig, and

Othello strutted in a British general's uniform! In the countenance, at least, of his Macheath we think Liversseege has fully realized the gay, and thoughtless, handsome and dissipated rake; but Mr. Ward, in the engraving, has not reached the quality of the original; the face is muddled, and its tones indistinct; the best parts are the drapery and surrounding objects.

The 'Register' is an excellent composition, and not badly transferred to mezzotint by Mr. Bromley. Agnes is a portrait, and is a most natural and striking resemblance. We have stated Liversseege's dread of having his works not properly engraved, and we are certain that had he lived, he would always have had them executed in line engraving in the best style; and then the public would have had works worthy of their admiration, at the same time that the fame and genius of the painter would have been spread far and wide. As it is now, it is his name only, not his genius which is disseminated.

We need hardly say then, that this series of engravings from the works of Liversseege, by no means reflects justice on his genius and memory. The engravers employed are far from being inferior ones, only that time is not allowed them fully to do justice to the plates. The fault then rests not with them, but with their employers, who hurry them that the "appetites" of the sapient public "may be fed." As friends and admirers of the deceased artist, it cannot be expected that we should remain silent, and refrain from expressing our feelings strongly and determinedly. We do, therefore, hope that the publishers will at once see the justice of our observations, and present us for the future with more elaborate engravings—especially, as yet there are to appear some of Liversseege's most masterly works; the 'Falconer,' an admirable composition, painted with a vigour and richness of colouring and effect, not surpassed even by Bonington. 'Don Quixote,' and his great and last work the 'Recruits,' besides many others. The present engravings are not bad enough to mar his reputation; yet not good enough widely to increase it. The picture of the 'Falconer,' before-mentioned, merits to be engraved in the best style of line, or to be in mezzotint, by Cousins or Lupton.*

It will be perceived, on an attentive examination of his works, that Liversseege studied both the Drama and the Stage for opportunities of increasing his own previous conceptions of characters, costume, or grouping; or to receive the first hints for new compositions. The stage is a dangerous arena for a painter to study in, whose aim is the por-

* We beg to observe this is the opinion of a correspondent.—Ed.

traiture of nature; and he ought to be possessed of a mind of the most acutely discriminating quality to be able at all times to distinguish between the pathos and fervency of nature and the rant and blusterings of mere declamation, or to assort the glittering tinsel of mere theatrical costume, with such as should be fitting reasonable beings in the ordinary walks of life. Of this nature was the mind of Liverseege, and the discriminating influence of the stage gave brilliancy and richness to his paintings. In his earlier works are to be traced the pernicious and delusive feeling of aiming at great mechanical freedom of handling, to the sacrifice of firmness and depth. This defect, however, was gradually giving place to a style more firm and decided. He fortunately possessed genius to oppose it in the balance, when tried, and a mind sufficiently acute to foresee the consequences of pursuing it, and to forsake it. But he has left those behind him who possess neither the one nor the other.

Liverseege was of a very witty and quaint turn of mind; hence, that fulness of humour glowing in his compositions, where this quality was required. The painting which was left unfinished by his sudden death, is Falstaff and Bardolph. Incomplete, however, as it is, there is humour and joviality in every touch. The Fat Knight, sitting, grasps in his right hand a goblet of sack, which he triumphantly holds up to Bardolph, who is leaning on the back of his chair. The rich and racy humour of Falstaff is made apparent by his animated position, the sparkling brilliancy of his eyes, and the whole contour of his face. Redolent of animal and sensual passions, yet there is an utter absence of all vulgarity or looseness. While the portraiture of the Falstaff of Shakspeare is fully realized, the no less important personage Bardolph has not been forgotten; his much revered "Poop's Lantern" shines resplendent. It is doubtful whether this admirable picture can be engraved, being in so unfinished a state, but at least the water-colour drawing of it is extant, being possessed by Mr. Hicks, the proprietor also of the unfinished sketch in oil. His humour was also displayed in another way, in his composition of Hudibras and Rolpho in the stocks. The countenance of Rolpho is concealed beneath his hat, and such a hat! Its quaint cut and fashion sufficiently denoting the character of the wearer.

Touching this picture of Hudibras, it brings to our recollection the following circumstance: A friend of ours, an artist, being at Manchester, happened to call on Mr. Grundy; and with generous and enthusiastic feeling, expressed to that gentleman his admiration both of the picture and the painter. Mr. Grundy at length asked him if

he should like to be introduced to the artist. An affirmative was instantly given. When Mr. Grundy, turning round, said, "Permit me to introduce you to Mr. Liverseegee," who fortunately happened to be present, and heard eulogiums pronounced in the most gratifying and disinterested manner possible, and thus commenced a friendship honorable to both parties. In our memoir of Liverseegee, in the *Library of Fine Arts* for February last, it is mentioned, that he exchanged drawings with many of his brother artists. A mutual friend now absolutely doats on the water-colour drawing which he received; and truly it is deserving of his liking. The subject represents Edic Ochiltree, sitting in the Porch; and for delicacy and refinement of feeling, and for deep and unaffected poetry we know of no drawing by Liverseegee to surpass it. He has been repeatedly requested to permit it to be engraved, but refuses, unless it is to be done in the first style of line or mezzotint. He is right; for at some future day, perhaps, the friends of Liverseegee may unite to bring out a print every way worthy of his genius and memory.

In the *Keepsake* for 1833, there is an engraving, by Charles Heath, of Liverseegee's *Benedicite*, which that gentleman has rechristened 'Juliet.' In the *Winter's Wreath* for this year, are two engravings, from paintings by Liverseegee—the *Visionary*, and *Reply of the Fountain*. Poor Liverseegee happened to be living at the time the work was published, and of course not to be known by our profound writer; and a sapient scribe of the *Morning Herald* profoundly ascribed their creation to Mr. Boxall! And, again, no longer than a week ago, the same writer, (we presume by his ignorance,) in the *Morning Herald*, in a review of the works of Liverseegee, just publishing, said that the picture of Hamlet and his Mother was exhibited four years ago! whereas it is only a year and a half since, that it was exhibited along with his *Sir Percie Shafton* and *Mysie Happer*, at the *Royal Academy*. However, such things are trifles, at the same time they serve to divert us.

Liverseegee possessed the feelings of a gentleman, and exercised them always in the support of his art and his character as an artist. He was the very antipodes of whatever partook of vulgarity or meanness, and withal most tenacious and jealous of his reputation, and the character which he wished that his works should sustain. For example, take the following. Strolling about now and then, as was our custom, we stopped to have a peep at Ackermann's window, (for it was his invariable rule never to pass a print or picture shop, without examining it,) and there saw one of Buss's compositions, an oil painting, which had been previously exhibited and marked as sold, exposed in the window for the highest bidder. My companion immediately ex-

pressed his wrath, by saying, "So, so. Now, if any printseller had served me such a trick, as purchasing a painting of mine, and then sticking it in his shop window for re-sale, I should go to him and say, 'Sir, I will feel obliged by your permitting me to have back my painting at your own price.'" Such sentiments, we think, need no comments, for they speak volumes; and it is to be deeply regretted that there are not many more such minds amongst the young painters of the present day. Never will intellectual vigour and refinement be perceptible among them, until they shall have discarded all grovelling and mercenary feeling.

In the exhibition of the Society of British Artists, for 1831, Mr. Cotterell had a model from the subject of Old Mortality, representing him amongst the tombs of the old covenanters, with chisel and mallet in hand, accompanied by his venerable shaggy pony. This model particularly struck Liversseege as the most beautiful and poetical illustration which he had ever seen of that work. And so warmly did he feel its beauties, so congenial were his own feelings with those of the modeller, (an intimate friend of his), that he did not hesitate for permission to copy it during its exhibition, preparatory to making a finished drawing—of course announcing it as from a design by Mr. Cotterell: he commenced it, but ill health prevented its final completion. He had also prepared a sketch of the scene from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Anne Page is entreating Master Slender to come in to dinner, at Forde's house; to which, his much esteemed and talented friend Holland, was to have added the architectural and landscape part. If, happily, he had survived to carry those intentions into effect, the public would have seen a work admirable in every point of feeling and character. Mr. Holland has in his possession the original sketch before mentioned, together with the water-colour drawing of *Salvator Rosa* among the *Banditti*. A brother and sister survive Henry Liversseege, but neither is endowed with a particle of his genius. The name of Liversseege then will continue for ever, one and indivisible.

The style of Liversseege displayed great acuteness and refinement of mind, a quick eye for striking effects, and depth of chiaroscuro, a rapid facility of drawing, which though not at all times correct, yet is always spirited, rich, and sportive in its outline. Often bordering on flimsiness and slightness, his compositions yet always possessed the redeeming attributes of elegance and taste. Personal or individual characters he could depict with remarkable truth and fidelity; imaginary ones with no less power and felicity, full of character, and expression. His latest works attest the increasing perception of

his mind, to a knowledge of the exhaustible beauties and rarities of nature, to a proper selection of the metal from the dross, the pure from the impure. The styles of Vandyk, and Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Ostade, Metz, and Terburg. Lawrence, Newton, Wilkie, and Bonington particularly attracted his study.

Artists' Society for the Study of Historical, Poetical, and Rustic Figures, Gray's Inn Road.—The insufficiency of the Royal Academy, in the more varied characteristics of Art, led to the establishment of this society. There are many artists, whose age and standing oppose the production of a drawing calculated to ensure their success as probationers in the parent institution, who hail the formation of a studio, shackled alone by the laws necessary to preserve its character. The Artists' Society consists of ten members—who are the legislators, and provide the models alternately,—and ten subscribers. The terms are 1*l.* per quarter, except when there are only seventeen members and subscribers; then it is 1*l.* 5*s.* to members, and to subscribers, 1*l.* 7*s.* The hours of meeting are from five till seven in summer, and six till eight in winter, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

The room devoted to the purpose is admirably adapted for an atelier; it is large and well lighted, and any member, by paying 1*s.* a day, can have the use of it for his own private pursuits.

The models are varied according to the tastes of the members, and to an eye heedless of the monotony of *unadorned* figures, the infinite variety here assembled cannot fail to prove attractive. Heroes and rustics, kings and beggars, hermits and vampires, succeed in their nocturnal reigns, each forming an useful bit for some future composition.

We anticipate much from this picturesque society, and having already traced its beneficial effects in many productions that have come under our notice, we are justified in considering it a valuable adjunct to the Royal Academy.

Life Academy, Soho Square.—This academy, like the Artist's Society, emanated from the close borough system of the Royal Lumber Room, where the finest productions of the British chisel, are annually consigned to gloom and *close inspection*; it can hardly be credited that British ministers possessing the means, and British artists owning the desire of beholding a receptacle worthy of them, should have echoed the cry—a conscientious one, truly,—that we have been the

most intellectual, the most refined people in Europe, with this charnel house of sculpture, to check the exuberance of their ill-timed exultation. Verily, we attain ideal greatness more easily than our neighbours. What infinite trouble the poor French government takes, to devote thousands to the interests of art—to the *concours* annually excited by national rewards: what infinite trouble the poor mistaken King of Bavaria gives himself to decorate his palaces with frescoes, since we, O wondrous effect! achieve greatness by neglecting its source. Perchance we have “greatness thrust upon us.”

Another source of complaint originates in this gloomy, dirty “model academy,” and no less a one than the health of the students. We are aware that this is no objection to some, as it will thin the ranks, but as we wish to see something less rank springing up in the noble army of artists, we drop a tear of pity upon those martyrs in the cause, who are willing to expose their lives, by braving the chill of a winter night after having been exposed to this fiery furnace. We have ourselves lingered out our evenings here, and must be permitted to judge, “he best can paint it who can feel it most.”

The origin of this school is to be traced to the exertions of Mr. W. B. Taylor and Mr. Henry H. Smith, who founded it in 1822, and who have, much to their credit, succeeded in making it assume a permanent character.

It consists of twenty-five members, at five guineas per annum each. The models are placed by each member in turn. It is open every evening from 6 till 8 o'clock, and is lighted by powerful gas burners, which cast an admirable light on the model; altogether it may be considered a desideratum in the *life* of many a student, and we have no doubt that were the *premises* more favorable, the conclusions would be more advantageous.

Royal Academy.—Yesterday evening, the anniversary of the foundation of this institution, the distribution of prizes for the intermediate year (the grand distribution being only biennial) took place, when the following rewards were adjudged:—

To Mr. Frost, a silver medal, and copies of the lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best copy in the school of painting.

To Mr. Hartnell, a silver medal, for the second best copy.

To Mr. Novello, a silver medal, for the best drawing from the life.

To Mr. Brandon, a silver medal, for a drawing of the principal front of the Bank.

To Mr. Horsley, a silver medal, for the best drawing from the antique.

To Mr. Pickersgill, a silver medal, for the best model from the antique.

After distributing the above prizes, the President addressed the students, and informed them that the members of the Academy were upon the whole satisfied with the diligence they had displayed, and pleased with their zeal. In the school of painting, especially, these qualities had been amply exemplified; and so nicely balanced were the merits of the numerous candidates in that department, that the judges found it a task of no small difficulty to make their selection. In the school of the living model, though the candidates were not very numerous, yet their productions did great credit to their industry and abilities; and if in another department (that of modelling from the life) the members of the Academy had observed any falling off, they were led to attribute that deficiency rather to a temporary suspension of zeal than to a lack of generous ambition. They trusted, however, that the students of sculpture in this department would, by their future exertions, compensate for the sort of lassitude they had manifested on the present occasion. In the school of the antique it was extremely gratifying to observe, both in the drawing and modelling departments, those indications of excellence which were the natural result of the superintendence of the distinguished master (Mr. Hilton,) under whose management that school was placed. In the school of architecture the judges were grieved to remark an apathy similar to that which had been commented on in the department of modelling from the life. Only one specimen had been submitted to the consideration of the Council. They could not avoid expressing their surprise at the want of zeal displayed by the students in this last department; the more so when they recollected how lucidly the principles of the art of architecture were developed in that institution by the Professor (Sir John Soane) last year: they had fondly imagined that the ambition of the students would have been fired by the exposition so ably made in that course of lectures of the resources of the art, and they hoped yet that the worthy Professor would not find his labours thrown away, but that the ardour of the students would be co-extensive with the appreciation of the advantages so liberally afforded them. The President having concluded his remarks on the subject of the specimens submitted to consideration, proceeded to urge the students to make still more strenuous exertions in the pursuit of excellence. In the Royal Academy all the means of study were afforded them, nor were example and precept

spared. The principles of every branch of the fine arts were developed by zealous and eminent professors, and not only were the productions of living genius submitted to the inspection of the students, but the choicest works of the ancient masters were also offered for their guidance and improvement. Their exertions, then, should be commensurate with the enjoyment of such great advantages—advantages which were not surpassed in any existing school of art. The members of the Academy felt, it might almost be said, a paternal solicitude for the improvement of the students, since they contemplated in them their future successors. They hoped, therefore, their exertions would be unremitting to qualify themselves for that distinction, and that their professional career would do credit and honor to the arts and to their country.—*Times*, Dec. 11th.

Sayings and Doings.—A course of six lectures on the Theory and Practice of Perspective is now in progress, at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester Square, by Benjamin Richard Green.

An introductory lecture, on the same subject, was delivered by Mr. Lindo, on Friday, 14th December, at the Artist's Society for the Study of Historical, Poetical, and Rustic Figures, in Gray's Inn Road.

Many works of the late R. P. Bonington have lately arrived in London, previous to their being publicly exhibited, and then offered for sale.

We understand there is a probability of Lawrence's drawings being offered to the foreign market. We trust not!

The eastern wing of the New National Gallery is about to be commenced. The new-born principle of public convenience is about to be consulted to a somewhat amusing extent, by allowing the indulged public to pursue a straight road, to the detriment of the workmen, who will be obliged to cross to and fro from the atelier, which will be on the other side of the road.

We understand that the Council of the College of Physicians does not consider the building in Trafalgar Square dirty enough to authorize articles of partnership being entered into with the adjoining club, which has been lately bleached. This is wearing a sable suit, indeed!

Roberts, the artist, has lately made a very pleasant trip. He purposed visiting Spain, via the south of France, where he was detained fifteen days in quarantine,* and was released from the Gallic pest-house to be transferred to one, for the same period, in Iberia. This must have been too much even for Roberts' *Gothic* ideas.

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From the Original Sketch.

Edward Bird